

Américas

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CONTENTS

- 2 THE OAS IN ACTION
- 3 HOLLAND IN BRAZIL John and Bini Moss
- 6 THROUGH THE STREETS OF SAN JOSÉ
Armando Samper
- 13 THE FLAVOR OF VANILLA Raymond Schuessler
- 17 HITTING THE KLONDIKE TRAIL Pedro Bilbao
- 24 JUNGLE MUSEUM Luis Guillermo Piazza
- 27 LITTLE ANTS (A short story) J. M. Sanz Lajara
- 30 ITACURUBA REVISITED Mario Yuri
- 32 PERU IN PRINTS June Wilcoxon Brown
- 35 FROM THE NEWSSTANDS
- 38 BOOKS
RECENT U.S. NON-FICTION Hubert Herring
NEIGHBORLY ADVICE C. G. Fenwick
- 41 GRAPHICS CREDITS
- 42 KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR'S SAYINGS?
- 43 LETTERS

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Walking along edge of crater of Irazú Volcano, near San José, Costa Rica (see page 8). Photograph by Max Hunn

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MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

● A newsweekly read throughout the Hemisphere quoted in its latest issue the chief Washington correspondent of an internationally known daily paper as saying: "The great human stories of Washington are beyond the scope of daily journalism." The magazine then went on to point up "weekly journalism's advantages of second thought and third look." It follows that monthly journalism is in a position to bring readers still greater depth of coverage. A case in point is our treatment of OAS activities. *Américas'* monthly orientation purports to help those who are impatient with the tedious day-to-day progress of international organizations to take the long view. But we also try to take advantage of the continuity afforded by the daily paper. Thus in our May issue we promised a follow-up to "The Lights Go On in Itacuruba," by Mario Yuri—an article by a Chilean member of the PAU Cooperatives Section revealing how the OAS has had a hand in bringing some of the amenities of life to the people in a remote Brazilian village. Mr. Yuri's piece stemmed from his two-month stint there last year as PAU representative on the project. Six months later he went back. Having just returned from this eight-week stay, he reports on what he found in "Itacuruba Revisited" (page 26).

The Cooperatives Section, which initially extended aid to a rural-electrification project in Costa Rica a few years ago, plans to help others in the same way. Obviously, there is a demand for such assistance. Before Mr. Yuri left Brazil, two or three petitions for his services had been received from Ceará and Pernambuco by Mr. João Gonçalves de Souza, Director of OAS Technical Cooperation. One, signed by Professor Antonio Vilaça, emphasized the townspeople's desire to organize a rural cooperative themselves instead of having to rely on the Government. "We don't want money from anybody," he wrote. "Only technical assistance, incentive, and moral support."

Another facet of this OAS effort to penetrate to the grass roots is the field program carried out through the Pan American Union branch offices. As we go to press, the directors of these offices are arriving in Washington for an orientation session designed to brief them on future plans and projects of the OAS.

● What happens to the vanilla bean before it imparts its aromatic taste and fragrance to confections and perfumes is described in "The Flavor of Vanilla" (page 13). Scorning the artificial variety, the Mexicans who grow the orchid that produces the pod claim that the purest vanilla is insured only through their traditional, complex curing methods.

● Even depleted land will yield farm profits if the right combination of elements goes into the effort. An unusual Dutch-Brazilian experiment in São Paulo State has proved this ("Holland in Brazil," page 3). The success formula in this case is measured in terms of common religious ties, up-to-date agricultural methods, small plots, and, above all, hard work.

Opposite: Bronze model submitted to competition for International Monument to Unknown Political Prisoner by Joaquín Roca Rey of Peru. Now in PAU Permanent Collection of Latin American Art

THE OAS

IN ACTION

Caribbean Turmoil

Three times in just over two months the Rio Treaty—or Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, signed in 1947—has been invoked by countries in the Caribbean area charging that their territory had been violated by invasions dangerous to Hemisphere peace. In the first two cases—of Panama and of Nicaragua—no country was named as an aggressor; in the third, brought by the Dominican Republic, Cuba and Venezuela were accused of helping the invaders. In all three, the forces involved were relatively small; but all aroused strong—though different—international reactions. On July 13 the OAS Council voted to call a Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs to consider the whole Caribbean situation. It is expected to be held in mid-August.

THE CASE OF PANAMA

Panamanian Ambassador Ricardo M. Arias appealed to the Council for action on April 27, reporting that a group of about eighty armed men, almost all foreigners, had landed on the Panamanian Caribbean coast two days before, and that two other ships were believed en route with reinforcements. He said the Government was attempting to capture the invaders without bloodshed, but called urgently for OAS help to defend his small country, which did not have the resources for such a task. He pointed out the novelty of this case, the first in which a request for applying the Treaty had been made without any accusation by one state against another. He warned that, if the invasion succeeded in overthrowing the legally constituted government, the door would be open for similar violence against other small countries.

Next day, the Council unanimously agreed to convoke the Organ of Consultation provided by the Treaty (the Meeting of Ministers of Foreign Affairs), but did not set a date or place for its session. Meanwhile, the Council would act provisionally as Organ of Consultation. The Council Chairman was instructed to name a committee to investigate the facts on the spot. The Investigating Committee—made up of Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil, Chairman; Ambassador John C. Dreier of the United States, Vice Chairman; Ambassador Juan Plate of Paraguay; and Minister Jorge Hazera of Costa Rica—left the same evening for Panama City. The Panamanian Government

had already taken steps to confine the invaders, who had come from Cuba, to the town of Nombre de Dios, and had dropped leaflets demanding their unconditional surrender but offering them security under Panamanian law. Although organized by Panamanians, most of the men were Cubans, and Cuba had sent two officers to speak to them and try to dissuade them.

On April 30, the Committee's military advisers flew to Nombre de Dios by helicopter, dropped messages explaining the functions of the Committee and the way to make contact, landed, and brought back the leader of the invading forces, Carlos Vega, and two assistants.

Early on May 1, Mr. Vega returned to Nombre de Dios to talk with the rest of the men about the surrender terms, followed at noon by Ambassador Plate, Minister Hazera, and the military advisers. The Committee representatives found that all except a few who had gone off on their own were ready to surrender unconditionally. The Panamanian advisers then embarked the prisoners and occupied the town. The more than eighty Cubans and one Puerto Rican who surrendered have now been sent home. The two remaining Panamanians (one was drowned in the original landing), and the others who did not surrender but were later captured, will be tried in Panama.

Meanwhile, air and naval patrols were established to detect any approach of additional sea-borne contingents. Colombia, Ecuador, and the United States furnished planes and patrol boats for the Committee. Guatemala sent two pilots. The U.S. Caribbean Command, in the Canal Zone, coordinated patrol operations. Additional craft offered by Cuba were not needed. Costa Rica offered two planes, and Guatemala one, directly to the Panamanian Government.

The Committee returned to Washington on May 4 and the patrol operation ended the same day without further developments.

In its report to the OAS Council, the Committee declared that the OAS action was a decisive factor in the happy solution of the case. It stressed the importance of effective supervision to prevent nationals or aliens in one country from crossing the frontier or sailing to promote civil strife in another, as provided in the Havana Convention of 1928 on Duties and Rights of States in the Event of Civil Strife. Acting on its recommendations, the Council on June 18 called on the member governments to study and, if they deem it necessary, to strengthen the measures they are applying to prevent situations like that which affected Panama. It also urged the governments that have not ratified the Havana Convention or the 1957 protocol to do so in the near future, and it canceled the convocation of the Meeting of Ministers of Foreign Affairs for this case.

(continued on page 34)

Widow Kristke Kraben, who runs small farm by herself, is proud of spotless Dutch kitchen



Holland in Brazil

JOHN AND BINI MOSS *photographs by the authors*

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine two countries more unlike than tiny, highly organized Holland—always fighting to win more land from the sea—and gigantic, loosely knit Brazil. Brazil's vast interior is sparsely populated, and modern cities like Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo are a world away from much of the country, untouched by roads or railways. The Netherlands Association of Catholic Farmers,

JOHN and BINI MOSS—from England and South Africa respectively—recently arrived in New York after two years in Brazil. They have contributed articles and photographs to magazines in England, Holland, Brazil, South Africa, and the United States. By now they are on the road again with typewriter and camera, this time bound for Europe.

however, believed that both nations could benefit from their common ties in the Church and their interdependent needs—the Dutch need for land and the Brazilian need for industrious immigrants to develop the untapped resources of the world's fifth-largest country.

In 1947 the Association investigated the possibilities of a Catholic Dutch cooperative settlement in Brazil—and liked what it saw. With a loan from the Brazilian Government it bought a 12,500-acre farm, and "Holambra" (formed from the first syllables of the two countries' names) came into being. Holambra is situated on the São Paulo plateau, eighty miles from the city of São Paulo. The land, once used for coffee planting, had been

worn out and converted to grazing; even that, without proper care of the pastures, had proved unprofitable.

The first group of seven bachelor farmers arrived from Holland in 1948. By the end of the next year, a hundred families were settled. Initially there were plenty of difficulties: unsatisfactory crops, like wheat, were chosen; there were so many children that only a small percentage of the population was left for the working force; and capital was insufficient. The original idea that the settlers must lend whatever capital they had to the cooperative induced some, who had more money and equipment, to withdraw and try their luck on their own elsewhere in the country. Both the Dutch and the São Paulo State governments had to share in the initial losses.

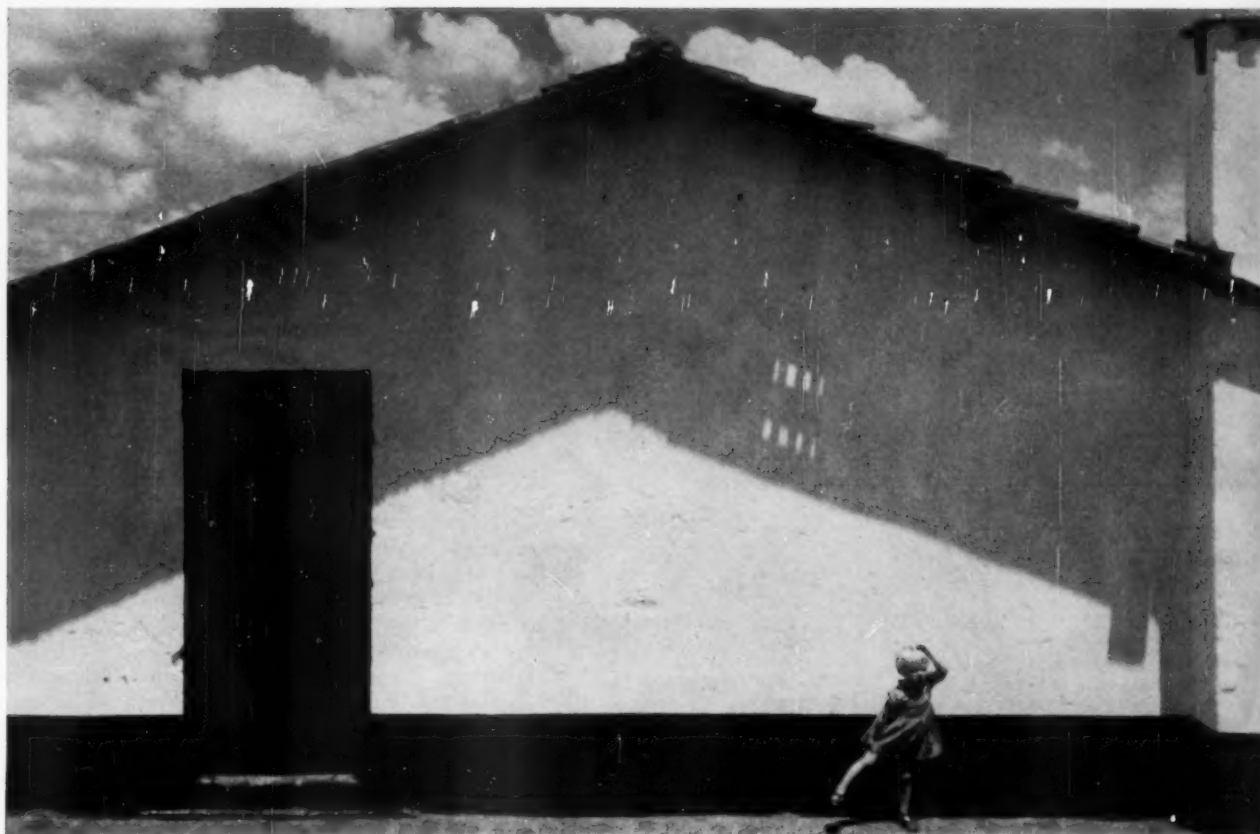
But today, only eleven years after the first contingent set foot on the rolling, grass-covered hills, Holambra is flourishing: the 585 resident Hollanders and 553 Brazilians have stepped up the gross production figures from 2,100,000 cruzeiros in 1950-51 to 28,700,000 cruzeiros in 1957-58. Since less than half the farm is under cultivation as yet, further increase is hoped for. With the advice of Brazilian agricultural institutes, judicious crop-planning, the use of scientific fertilizers and pest repellents, and sheer hard work, Holambra has become a showplace in Brazil.

Each small farm (roughly forty to a hundred acres) is
Newcomers are amazed at Brazilian Zebus, a far cry from placid Holsteins of Holland—which are also represented on farm



Tilli de Gruiter attends patient in modern clinic. Holambra has eight nurses, two midwives; Brazilian doctor makes weekly calls





Child blond as her Dutch parents plays in front of her Brazilian home



Chaff flies as bumper corn harvest is threshed on land abandoned by coffee planters and cattle ranchers

intensely cultivated. Citrus-fruit orchards and fields of imported Dutch gladiolus alternate with pineapple and cotton fields; the rice harvest glows golden on the slopes, patchworked with truck gardens—in contrast to the typically Brazilian crops of cassava and coffee. Modern whitewashed farmhouses, spotless inside and out, attest to the housekeeping skills of the immigrant women. Pedigreed hogs, plump Rhode Island hens, and imported Holstein herds are a source of wonder and an incentive to neighboring farmers.

Today the cooperative not only helps the farmer finance his house and land but provides, for the use of all, expensive cultivating and harvesting machinery; veterinary service; a feed plant; carpentry, metal-working, and repair shops; two tapioca factories; a coffee-processing plant; and a joint marketing service to buy seeds and fertilizers and sell the output. It has put farming on a commercial basis that is a novelty in the region.

From far and near both government officials and visiting farmers come to observe this peaceful land revolution. In the past the pattern of huge, almost feudal, landholdings owned by a few privileged families and farmed by *colonos*—part paid labor, part sharecroppers—resulted in single-crop farming, which led to neglect of staple foodstuffs and the risk of real hardship in case of a drop



Ria Kolkman, in Brazil six months, feeds Rhode Island Red hens that lay 84 per cent per day for five months a year

in world market prices. The big sugar estates crashed when beet replaced cane sugar in Europe, and the entire Brazilian Northeast has never recovered from the resultant poverty and confusion. Today, though there is a similar threat in the development of coffee plantations in Africa, Brazil still relies to a dangerous extent on its coffee export. The success of Holambra's diversified economy, small-scale farms, and scientific improvement of impoverished soil has proved a valuable example to the country as a whole. In fact, the new crops and methods introduced here have won so much favor with the neighbors that the property line is no longer distinguishable by the difference in growing plants. Some of the cooperative's production achievements, starting with worn-out land, are a corn average of 1,360 pounds per acre; seventy-four tons of manioc per acre (harvested at eighteen months); and 2.2 pounds of high-grade coffee per tree in the second bearing year.

The simplicity, hard work, and deeply religious atmosphere of the group is as impressive as its material success. All farm roads converge upon the center, where church, school, administrative offices, and cooperative store form the nucleus of rural life.

Two priests, members of the Abbey of the Norbertines at Heeswijk in the Netherlands, not only officiate in the church but also run a small farm of their own and assist other farmers. For the farmers' sons they have organized the St. Maarten's Guild. Much like the Boy Scouts, they meet on week ends and holidays to drill on horseback and receive religious and social instruction. Brazilian adapta-

Dutch traditions are kept alive. Folk dancers don native costumes and practice on church lawn





Netherlanders and Brazilians crowd bar for Holambra-brewed beer at colony's tenth-anniversary celebration

tion is the basis of the group's training.

For the boys who graduate from the Government elementary school or the corresponding grades of the private school, a three-year course is offered to prepare them for study in Brazilian technical schools. Or, if they do not wish to leave the farm after that, they can take a local three-year technical course. Another three-year course, with the accent on domestic arts, is given for the girls.

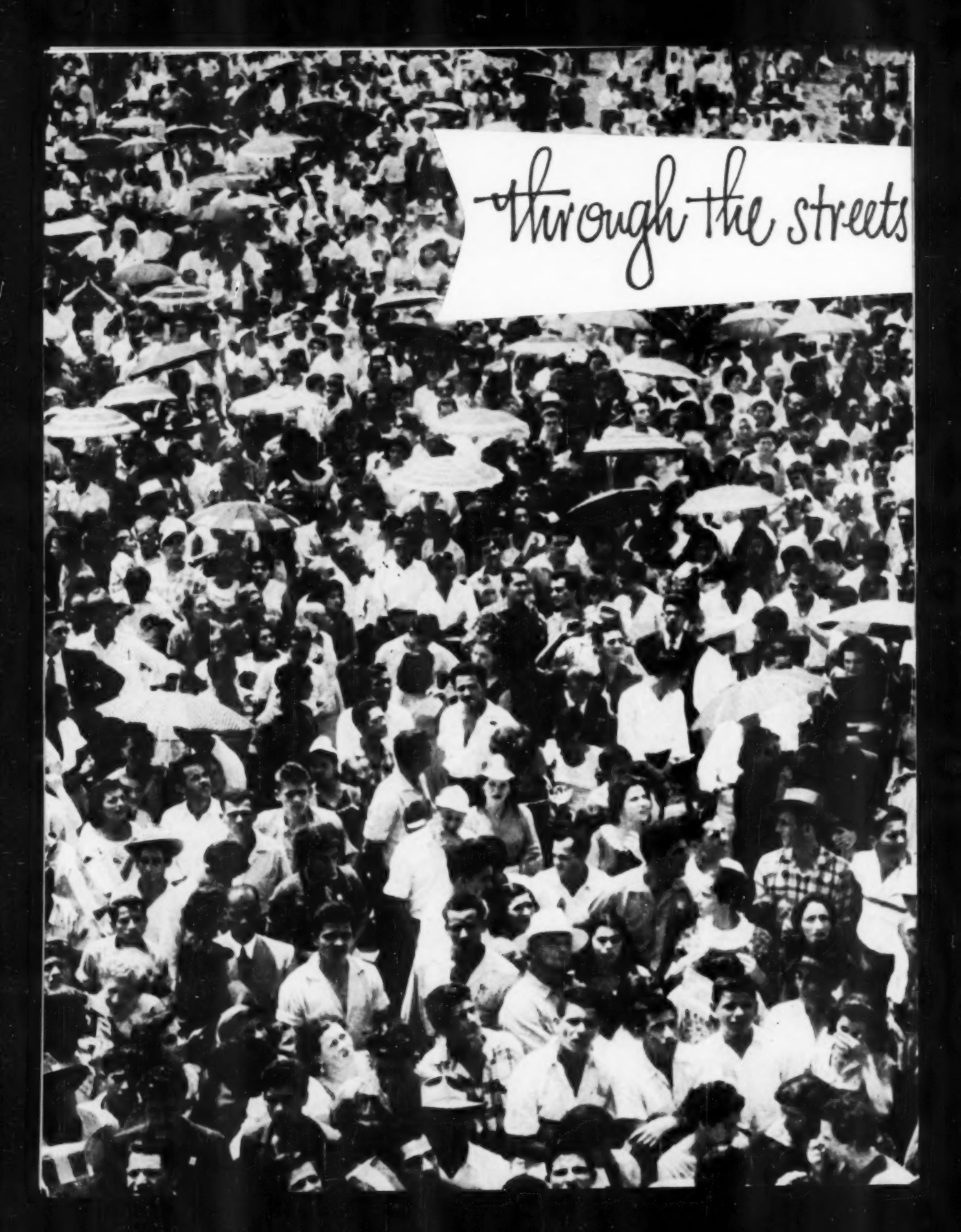
Schooling is assisted by nine nuns of the Community of Female Prebendaries of the Holy Sepulchre of Lochem in the Netherlands. One, Sister Gemma, who studied art in Brussels and Paris, teaches art and produces beautiful ceramics to sell to visitors. Folk dancing in the Dutch tradition is taught by a resident nurse; the Hollanders don colorful costumes and are a great hit with Brazilian audiences. There are also lively theatricals and competitive sports.

Last year Holambra celebrated its tenth anniversary, beginning with the annual Corpus Christi procession. Horses and buggies were tethered in the shade beside the church, and an outdoor altar welcomed the immigrants and their Brazilian neighbors.

Asked about Holambra's future plans, C. J. J. Hogenboom, the dynamic president of the cooperative farm, said that additional land was to be purchased to create yet another Holambra. ♦

Holland and Brazil, in happy combination appropriate for brush of artist Pieter de Hooch





through the streets

of SAN JOSE

ARMANDO SAMPER

"How LOVELY you look tonight!" a young man exclaims to the pretty *josefina* approaching him. He is right. Costa Rican women are widely known for their beauty, and compliments such as this are not uncommon.

The setting is Central Park, in Costa Rica's capital city, San José. It is sundown, and a few minutes ago saw the start of the *paseo*, or promenade of girls around the plaza, which occurs three evenings a week. Arm-in-arm, they walk clockwise in an outer circle, while groups of male admirers stroll past them in the opposite direction. An ancient Spanish custom, the *paseo* is rapidly disappearing in the urban areas of Latin America, but, like a good many other old ways, it persists in San José, for all the city's bustling modernity. So does the famous ox-cart. Costa Ricans are sick of hearing about their oxcarts, but these decorative vehicles, painted in a variety of brilliant colors and designs, are still unique in the Americas. They are found mostly in the country, of course, but it is not unusual, either, to see them on a busy street in town, rubbing shoulders with the latest-model automobiles and buses.

San José became the capital in 1823, succeeding Cartago, which had been the seat of government during the colonial period, when Costa Rica was part of the Captaincy General of Guatemala. In 1821 the Central American colonies were freed from Spanish rule, but the following year, they joined the Mexican Empire newly formed by Agustín Iturbide. This caused considerable dissension among the Costa Ricans, who thereupon separated into two opposing political factions—one represented by the cities of Cartago and Heredia, which favored the annexation, and the other by San José and Alajuela, which wanted to join the Greater Colombian Federation of Simón Bolívar. In the resulting civil war, the republican forces, under the leadership of Gregorio José Ramírez, marched on Cartago, defeated the imperialists, and moved the capital to San José.

Today, over 135 years later, the metropolitan area of San José has a population of 215,000 and covers roughly

104 square miles. Fewer than half of the people live in the city proper; the rest are scattered throughout the thirty-seven suburbs that dot the broad, fertile valley of the Central Plateau. The narrow paved lanes that connect these suburbs with the capital run through coffee plantations, banana groves, sugar-cane fields with their mulberry-colored blossoms, and irrigated orchards. Situated 3,870 feet above sea level, San José enjoys a perfect, springtime climate all year round. During the dry season, between December and April, the sky is blue and cloudless and the air clear and refreshing.

San José streets are clean and wide, the buildings large and new-looking. No one ever refers to the streets by

Students in front of Universal Bookshop. Note ad for works of late Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez



Through his association with the inter-American agricultural institute at Turrialba, Colombian-born ARMANDO SAMPER has come to know the Costa Rican capital very well.

Left: Political rally of "ticos," as Costa Ricans are called because of tendency to end words in diminutive



Spectators gather on Cathedral steps to watch religious procession



Busy corner in the capital. Population has overflowed into thirty-seven burgeoning suburbs throughout valley of Central Plateau

name or the buildings by number. Instead, people depend on churches, theaters, stores, and restaurants as points of reference. Moreover, every city block, whatever its actual length, is "one hundred yards" long and is divided into quarters for indicating distance and direction. Thus, for example, one may be guided to an address on Avenida Central, the main street, by being told that it is 150 yards south of the Metropolitan Cathedral, or perhaps 50 yards north of the National Palace.

Avenida Central, which becomes the Paseo Colón after it leaves the center of town, passes through one of San

José's finest residential sections on its way out to La Sabana, which until recently was the site of the national airport but is now used almost exclusively for sports events. In former days, however, soccer games often coincided with airplane traffic—a chaotic situation, to say the least. Now that the old airport has been supplanted by a larger one, fourteen miles from town, the administration building is occupied by the Costa Rican Tourist Institute.

On Sundays, there is an air of excitement on La Sabana, for that is when the important soccer matches are held, to the cheers of thousands of spectators. And there is lots of other activity. Children fly their kites, pushcart vendors hawk their wares, and young lovers stroll hand in hand through the crowds. Everyone makes a big day of it, and by nightfall La Sabana is a litter of rubbish—paper bags, empty ice-cream cartons, remains of food—all of which is soon cleared up by the city's efficient sanitation department. La Sabana still serves as an airport for small, private planes, whose landing maneuvers are often impeded by a cow or two, peacefully grazing in the field below.

Josefinos are a gregarious people. They join numerous clubs (the principal one is the Union Club, center of the community's most elegant social functions) and get together with their fellow citizens in the many beautifully landscaped parks and plazas. These in turn reveal another characteristic—a love of trees and flowers. Perhaps the loveliest park is España, in front of the national liquor distillery. This government-owned enterprise distills hundreds of thousands of gallons of alcohol in such popular forms as the unique *crema de nance* and the famous *cocorí* rum. Also bordering the park is the Casa Amarilla (Yellow House), where the Ministry of Foreign Relations has its offices, and near it is the Soda Bolívar, where the

San José's new El Coco Airport is largest in Central America





Capitalites attend concerts and opera at elaborate National Theater

young people of the neighborhood gather of an afternoon to discuss the relative merits of rock-and-roll and the sentimental music of Lucho Gatica.

National Park, in the eastern section of the city, holds a superb bronze monument commemorating the downfall of William Walker, the Tennessee filibuster who, in 1856-57, tried to make himself dictator of Central America. Juan Rafael Mora, President of Costa Rica, was the man chiefly responsible for Walker's defeat, and, because of this, is today honored as Costa Rica's national hero. Bolívar Park, on the outskirts of the city, is designed as a miniature forest. The zoo is here, with an interesting collection of animals from Costa Rican jungles. Included are specimens of the jaguar, puma, giant tapir, harpy eagle, coatimundi, spider monkey, peccary, and the gorgeous emerald-and-crimson quetzal.

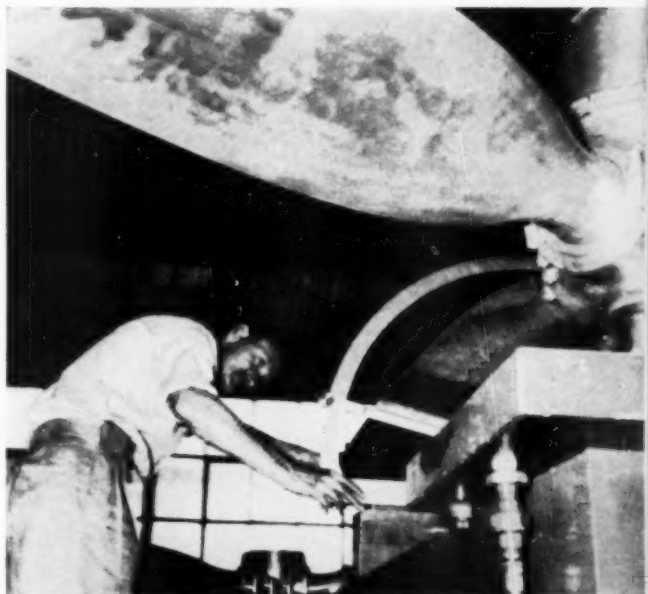
Central Park, with its many-hued mosaic walks and cement benches, adjoins the Metropolitan Cathedral. Every Sunday morning the military band of San José attends Mass at the Cathedral, in full-dress uniform, and follows up with a colorful parade on Avenida Central and a concert in the park. Amid the strains of familiar martial airs, one may very likely hear the high-pitched voice of a pushcart vendor shouting, "Potatoes, fresh potatoes! Buy my good potatoes!"

As a matter of fact, peddlers of different kinds are a common sight in all the parks and plazas. On Saturdays,

the bird fancier may buy any of a variety of brilliantly hued native birds that are on sale in Merced Park. The fruit vendors, who station their multicolored carts on carefully chosen street corners, carry a number of tropical fruits: the delicious *pejibaye*, which comes from a type of local palm tree; the yellow *nance*, from which the popular liqueur is made; bananas; oranges, alligator pears; the *granadilla*, or passion-flower fruit; *nisperos*; and *anonas*, or custard apples. By Christmas, the local produce becomes scarce, and the carts are now filled with apples, pears, and grapes. These exotic and popular fruits make



Student cafeteria at new University City



Flourishing aircraft-maintenance firm, one of Hemisphere's best, services international lines

it a busy season for the fruit-seller; he no longer has time to sit around reading the newspaper all day, and he knows that he may expect customers far into the night. The sidewalk flower vendor has perhaps the easiest job of all; he need only recline lazily against a tree and wait. Flowers are abundant in San José, and their beauty is self-advertising. Particularly noteworthy are the orchids, of which more than two hundred varieties are produced in privately owned gardens throughout the city. But the best place to get an idea of Costa Rica's great wealth of



Gleaming new building on the university campus



View of San José from patio of National Museum, which houses historical and archaeological records of Costa Rica's past

growing things is at the San José central market. Here is sold almost every kind of fruit and vegetable known in the tropic and temperate regions, as well as flowers and rare mosses.

Though not a lively city in the sense that Rio and Buenos Aires are, San José is not without its theaters. The National Theater, or "Million-Dollar Theater," as it is proudly referred to by the Costa Ricans, is an artistic jewel, with Carrara-marble stairways and balconies, superb sculpture, marvelous ceiling and wall paintings by European artists, and a regal mirrored salon. Here are held concerts, plays, an occasional opera, and a wide range of other entertainment. Among the city's movie theaters is the largest in Central America—the Raventós.

Two mighty sentinels guard San José: the volcanoes Poás (8,900 feet), reputed to have the world's largest crater, and Irazú (11,322 feet), which has been in eruption since 1910. The Tourist Institute arranges low-cost trips to Irazú, timing the departure from San José so that the summit may be reached about sunrise, when visibility is best. A concrete highway leads to the top, passing through Cartago and Durán, site of a tuberculosis sanatorium. After traveling a good part of the night, the touring party stops for breakfast at a dairy farm, and then completes the trip to the summit of the volcano. Surrounded by clouds of vapor and smoke, the crater itself is approached by climbing a hundred yards across a rocky, lava waste. From there, one looks down into a bottomless chasm of molten lava and boiling sulphur. This is one of the few active volcanoes that can be viewed at such close range. On clear days, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and Lake Nicaragua are visible from the top.

Between Christmas and New Year's, a festive atmosphere prevails throughout San José. Marionette shows visit the city, and masqueraders parade gaily through the streets, shooting off fireworks. There are also marimba contests and the traditional *tope*, in which two bands of handsomely dressed horsemen move from opposite directions to meet at a central point, and join together in lively procession. There are soccer, baseball, and basketball games, boxing and fencing matches, and bicycle races. Concerts are given in Morazán Park, and people dance in the streets. But the chief centers of all this activity are Avenida Central and Plaza Viquez, named after Cleto González Viquez, twice President of Costa Rica. The former, brilliantly lighted, becomes a beehive of humanity, blowing whistles and throwing confetti. All-night stalls selling fritters, *tacos*, caramel apples, and other snacks are set up in Plaza Viquez. Numerous attractions of the Coney Island type are offered: bingo games, roller-coaster and miniature train rides, carousels, shooting galleries, and so on. The merry-making goes on day and night for a week, at the expense, of course, of the hapless families in the neighborhood who are desperately trying to sleep.

But when the second of January dawns, everything suddenly comes to a standstill. The carousel wheels stop turning, the music dies down, the peddlers dismantle their stalls, and the people return to the routine of their normal lives. In an air of peace and quiet, San José begins a new year. ♣



the flavor of

anilla

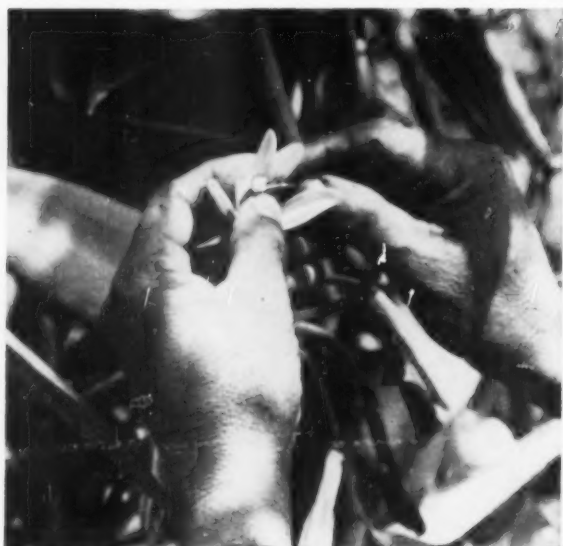
RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

WHEN CORTEZ and his army arrived in Tenochtitlán, the Aztec capital that subsequently became Mexico City, in November 1519, Montezuma greeted them ceremoniously and graciously. At a banquet he gave in their honor, one of the Spanish officers noticed the Emperor drinking something that he obviously relished. It turned out to be *xoco-tatl*, a flavorful beverage made from the pulverized beans of the cacao tree and those of a rare climbing orchid called *tlilxochitl*. The Spaniards named the orchid bean, or pod, *vainilla*, which means "little sheath." Though Spain's original interest had been in spices from the Orient, Cortez returned instead with bags of cacao and vanilla beans, which were to become far more valuable than any spices.

RAYMOND SCHUESSLER, a widely traveled U.S. free-lance writer, has contributed to American Heritage, Pan American, American Mercury, Coronet, This Week, Science Digest, and many other well-known periodicals.

The Franciscan friar Bernardino de Sahagún, who landed in Mexico ten years after Cortez, was the first to describe vanilla in writing; and Francisco Hernández, the foremost Spanish naturalist of his day, the first authority on the plant. Philip II sent Hernández on a mission to Mexico in 1571, and in his account of the trip he mentions vanilla under the botanical name *Arcus aromaticus*.

For the Spanish, naming vanilla was easy, but growing it was something else again. They saw that the plant apparently required a moist climate where the temperature averaged between 75 and 85 degrees the year round, a clay soil rich in humus, a little sunshine and a lot of shade, and gently sloping land. Yet when attempts were made to grow vanilla in other regions—even when these conditions were met exactly—it simply failed to bear. They say that this was long a joke among the Totonac Indians, who, incidentally, had had to pay tribute with vanilla to their Aztec conquerors. It was as though the



For best and quickest results, lemon-yellow vanilla orchid is pollinated by hand with slender wooden needle



Vanilla beans must be picked at exact moment of full ripeness and handled with utmost care

plant had been rendered infertile in the hands of the white man.

The situation was unchanged until 1836, when Charles Morren, a Belgian botanist, pinpointed the difficulty: the flowers are so constructed that self-pollination is impossible. He discovered a tiny honey bee of the genus *Melipona* in the producing regions of Mexico and noted that no other insect pollinated the short-blooming orchid. By using artificial pollination, he became the first to produce vanilla pods outside Mexico and thus broke that country's monopoly of the by-then-lucrative vanilla trade.

Five years later Edmond Albius, an African former slave employed on the French island of Réunion in the Indian Ocean, where the plant had been introduced in 1822, hit upon a practical method of manual fertilization that is used to this day. The flower, at the very moment it opens, is held in one hand and a short wooden needle in the other is used to expose the heart of the bloom so that the anther can be pressed against the stigma to effect pollination. This routine must be followed daily and repeated each year in season.

It was not long before the French started growing vanilla on many of their islands—in the Indian Ocean, in the East and West Indies, in French Oceania, and off the coast of Africa. Distribution increased and, because anyone who tasted it wanted more, so did demand. Soon Mexico forsook the bee and adopted the much faster manual pollination.

Today the French produce approximately a million pounds of vanilla beans a year, most of it on Madagascar, while Mexico trails with only about a third as much. Actually, vanilla is grown in tropical areas all around the world, but production figures vary considerably from year to year, as does quality from place to place. For instance, Brazil and Venezuela are in the business in a small way, but their vanilla is good only for scenting toilet soaps



In Madagascar, where most of world's vanilla is grown, pods are first dipped in scalding water, then spread on tables in sun

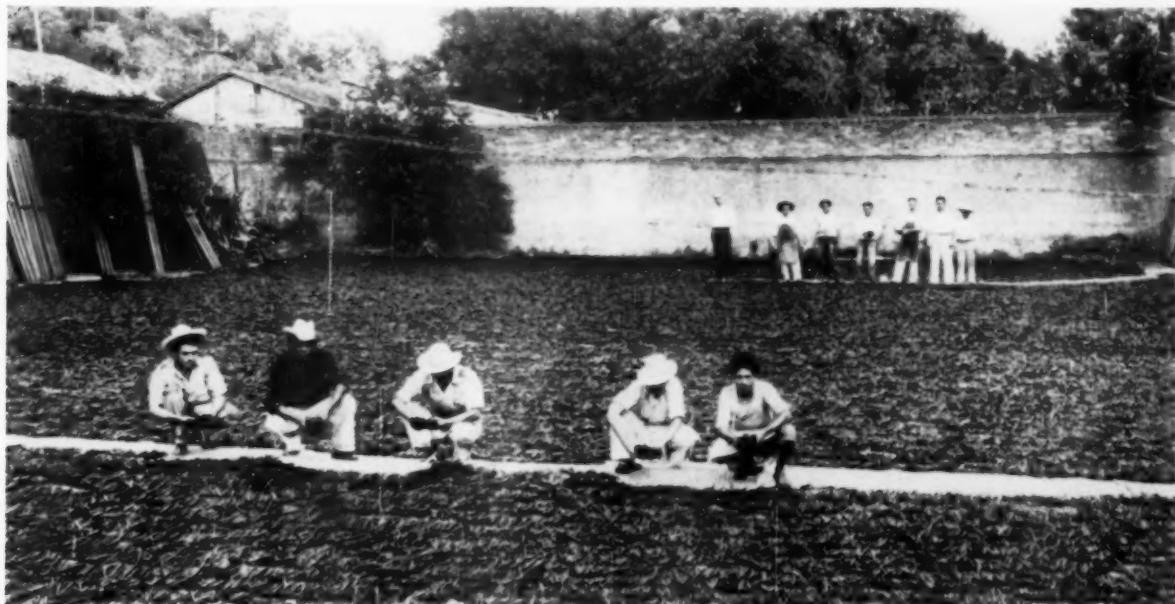
and tobacco.

The finest vanilla comes from an incredibly fertile valley in Veracruz State, Mexico, that is nestled among six-thousand-foot-high cliffs. Believed to be a volcanic crater, it is a spot that Humboldt called one of the wonders of the world, where a fern will grow seventy-five feet tall and a coffee tree produces fifty pounds a year, ten times more than the average. In this agricultural Eden vanilla was discovered, and none grown anywhere else has ever matched the full flavor of the local product.

Cultivating the vanilla orchid is a tedious, touch-and-go proposition. In and around Misantra, Veracruz, it is a

as a man's middle finger, but by the time it is ready for shipping it resembles a good-sized, dark-brown string bean. The changes in size, weight, and color occur during the curing process. This is when the vanilla flavor comes into its own, as a result of naturally induced, carefully controlled enzymatic action.

During the harvest season, workers move among the vines every day to gather the pods—which do not all mature at the same time—at the moment when the flavor elements have reached a peak. Few vanilla-growers do their own curing, because the process is so highly specialized: the beans are shipped by mule train to centers like



Finest vanilla comes from Mexico, where beans soak up sun by day, are put in sweat boxes by night. No short cuts, like scalding, are tolerated

family venture—and some ten thousand Totonac families depend on it for their living. New fields, averaging two to three acres, are cut out of the forest. Skillfully swinging their machetes, the Indians remove big trees and all the underbrush, leaving only the straight young saplings of good shade trees. In the first two years, four crops of corn are raised on the plot. The third year, a small trench is scooped out around each support tree and one or two slips of the vanilla vine are planted there in loose soil and tied to the tree. (The orchids are non-parasitical, so lumber or wire can also be used for support.) In a short time the cuttings send forth roots that creep along just under a mulch of decayed leaves and vegetation. The vine, which zigzags around the tree and sends down new roots from above, flowers during the sixth year and continues to produce until the twelfth or thirteenth year. A number of new plots are started every year, to keep both corn and vanilla in constant production. More modern cultivation methods followed in other countries naturally give them a competitive advantage.

When ripe, the greenish-yellow pod is about as thick

Papantla for sale to curers. Rarely does a whole crop go to one firm, for the obvious reason that the planters like to "shop around" for better prices. Up to a few years ago payment was made in silver, which was hauled in over the mountains just before harvest time. Vanilla buyers must have full knowledge of market conditions and a sharp eye for healthy, high-quality, fat beans.

There are two principal curing methods: the longer, natural process developed by the Mexicans, who claim it brings out more true vanilla flavor; and a newer short-cut process now used in Madagascar and elsewhere.

Mexicans usually do their curing in a series of buildings that enclose a huge patio. The beans are carefully stored in sheds for a few days, until they start to shrivel. At this point they are put into large mahogany sweating boxes, which are covered with heavy mats in order to maintain the proper temperature for the flavor-developing reactions and some slight fermentation. Here the beans stay for at least twenty-four hours; then during the next one to three weeks they are spread out in the sunny courtyard each day and returned to the boxes at night. While



Each evening, millions of pods are carefully packed in mahogany sweat boxes, which in turn are wrapped in heavy blankets



Once cured, vanilla beans are matched for quality, tied in neat bundles of seventy to eighty each, packed in wax-paper-lined tins

they are absorbing the heat of the sun, the workers circulate endlessly among them, turning them, feeling them, sorting out moldy or broken ones, and always watching the sky. Whenever rain threatens, everyone moves swiftly to gather the beans up and get them under cover. During this in-and-out operation, the moisture content is gradually reduced to the proper level—about 20 per cent of the original. Next, and last, the beans must spend two to three months in aging boxes, where they are still regularly inspected. When this long painstaking chore is finally finished, the vanilla beans are ready to be sorted and tied into bundles (often with a special linen thread that has to be imported from England), wrapped in wax paper, put in tins, and sent on their way, most of them to the United States.

Incidentally, in Papanla rain is not the only menace that the curers must guard against. There are vultures

that like Mexican vanilla every bit as much as you and I and do not hesitate to swoop down on a courtyard and grab the beans in their talons. To frighten them off, the workers take careful aim and fire—Roman candles!

In Madagascar, as in other places where the fragile orchid is grown, the curing process has been adapted from the original Mexican method. However, since the accent is not so much on turning out the best as on turning out the most, corners have been cut. First, the green pods are placed in large wicker baskets and dunked in cauldrons of hot water. For the next ten days or so, they are spread out on blankets that have been draped over crude tables. When they have soaked up enough of the sun's heat, the blankets are folded over them and they are left to stand overnight. The beans are then spread on large trays, which are raised up to the warehouse ceiling, and are left to dehydrate. The final packing is much the same everywhere, and most of these beans go to the States too.

Scalding has also been used in Mexico, and in 1953 an oven-drying system was introduced there. A mechanical dehydration method, used in Puerto Rico on ground beans, can do in twenty-four hours what may otherwise take two or three months and delivers a product acceptable to the importers. Despite all this, most Mexicans insist that the old way is still the best.

While vanilla pods do look something like string beans when they are first picked, the resemblance is purely superficial. Inside, tens of thousands of tiny black specks, or seeds, cling together in a sticky sort of sap. Countless small cells, visible only under a microscope, surround each seed, and this is where the elusive vanilla flavor comes from.

It seems that nothing about vanilla is simple, for preparing the extract is the third complex stage in the vine-to-kitchen operation. The beans are placed in a chopping machine where fine knives slice them to bits. Grinding would surely be much faster and simpler, but the cells would be crushed and some of the flavor lost. Next, the chopped-up beans can be steeped in ethyl alcohol and water. The more modern process is by percolation: the vanilla is put in perforated containers and suspended in glass-lined vats; warm diluted alcohol is pumped up and down until the flavor is extracted. After filtering, this liquid is then placed in storage tanks for final aging, until the color, aroma, and flavor have reached perfection.

Everything good is always imitated, and vanilla is no exception. It is so much cheaper and easier to manufacture a synthetic chemical than to struggle through the laborious and tedious processes of growing, curing, and extracting the natural product. But, of course, a vanillin solution cannot compare with the real thing, principally because vanillin is only one of the flavor elements in vanilla. Most of the others are as yet unknown.

Hugh Morgan, apothecary to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest that vanilla be used as a flavoring in its own right, rather than always combined with chocolate. The Aztecs, the Spanish spice-hunters, Morgan, and all the rest have been proved right, for who can imagine life without vanilla? ♦



Hitting the Klondike Trail

PEDRO BILBAO

"GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!" The year 1898 was assuredly not one of the least eventful in history, but this cry, issuing from millions of throats around the world, drowned out the echoes of everything else that happened. Many occurrences of that year—such as the wars in Cuba, Turkey, China, and the Transvaal—were unquestionably of greater historical significance than those I am about to recall, but none created so much stir as the news that gold had been discovered in the Yukon.

The previous autumn, a few lucky prospectors had turned up in Seattle and San Francisco carrying sacks of gold assayed at more than three million dollars, which they said they had found in an unknown river in the Yukon Territory of Canada. What followed can be explained by the mere fact that a serious depression was on. It is estimated that more than ten million people in various countries sought information on how to get there, more than a million made plans for the journey, and before the end of the winter of 1897-98 some 120,000 were on their way. Never in modern times has there been such an extraordinary migration.

The Mecca of these pilgrims was a river none of them had ever heard of before: the Klondike, a tributary of the immense Yukon not far from the Arctic Circle. To reach it, from the nearest point on the Alaskan coast, they had

to traverse more than five hundred miles of mountains, plateaus, defiles, glaciers, and frozen lakes. Few if any were familiar with the route, and there were no detailed maps. No wonder, then, that only a little over thirty thousand of them ever made it to the Klondike.

The history of this disastrous odyssey has been immortalized by writers like Robert W. Service and Jack London, who devoted some of their best pages to describing their own experiences. But let me start with a brief account of its origins.

About 1873, when the deposits in California and Oregon were played out or becoming difficult and costly to work, some of the prospectors headed north to look for new gold fields. A few went as far as the Yukon and began panning in some of the streams of the central massif, which yielded some return. It could not have been much, because up to 1896 the country attracted no more than a handful of adventurers—perhaps two or three hundred in a territory larger than the Iberian Peninsula—and none are known to have struck it rich. But 1896 was the year when a Canadian named Robert Henderson found a few nuggets at the confluence of a stream called the Rabbit (nowadays Bonanza) and the rushing Klondike.

Deciding to explore both rivers, he arranged that his companion, George Carmacks, should head upstream along the Rabbit while he himself searched the banks of the Klondike. A few days later, panning in the company of two Indian guides a couple of miles from where he

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and Henderson had separated, Carmacks found thirteen dollars' worth of gold dust. Tremendously excited, he put the gold in a cartridge case from his rifle and took it down to the fur-trading post nine miles below, at the junction of the Klondike and the Yukon. (On this spot the fabulous Dawson, capital of the modern El Dorado, was established two years later.) And the stories he told at the trading post spread through the region, then across Canada and the United States, and finally all over the world.

The only person who did not hear them was Bob Henderson. Carmacks had forgotten all about him, and he went on looking for gold along the Klondike, ten or fifteen miles upstream from the confluence with the Rabbit. When he returned weary and empty-handed, in the spring of 1897, to the creek where he expected to meet his friend, he found instead, much to his amazement, more than a thousand prospectors washing the sands, staking out claims, exploring brooks and rivulets, and fighting or killing over every inch of land. And of course the great influx had not yet begun. Henderson, the discoverer of it all, never did make his own fortune, and in the end he settled for a Canadian Government job and pension.

To get to the Klondike, you began by taking a ship or train to one of the Pacific Coast ports, from where you had to sail to the beaches of a deep Alaskan fiord called Lynn Canal (the overland route, across Canada from south to north or northwest, was too long to be traveled on foot, and in those days there were no roads or railways beyond Vancouver and Edmonton). The first stage of the journey involved no other difficulties than arranging for your passport and paying for your ticket to San Francisco, Seattle, or Vancouver. But from there on it was not so easy. So many others wanted to go, with their horses and gear, that it was impossible to put enough ships into service. You might have to wait months before embarking on some shabby old tub, perhaps dragged out of retirement by impromptu shipowners, and to procure passage at all, even in a corner of the hold, astonishing premiums were handed over. Thus many people found a Klondike of their own without ever leaving the United States.

From the Alaskan coast, there were two routes over the formidable St. Elias range to the plateau where the Yukon rises. One, a primitive Indian trail at best and otherwise an animal track, climbed from what is now the little port of Dyea by way of the treacherous Chilkoot Pass. This was the shorter but also the more dangerous, as I can testify from having walked both last summer. The number who died along it is unknown; in one incident alone, seventy-two people were buried by an avalanche within a few seconds, and their bodies were not recovered until a thaw two months later.

The other route, which was discovered sometime later in 1898, was considerably better. From Skagway, which huddles at the back of the fiord, it followed a narrow trail through a gloomy defile to the southern tip of Lake Bennett, some forty miles away on the other side of the mountains. This is the route we chose, a group of Canadian mountaineers and several members of the Inter-

national Service of Radio Canada, when we decided to retrace the footsteps of the Argonauts of '98. It was the summer of 1958; sixty years had gone by.

Skagway today is a tiny town, clean and picturesque, with five-hundred-odd inhabitants. Whenever a tourist ship docks, they hold a festival called "98 Day." I attended one on the eve of our departure, and I felt as if time had turned in its tracks. Along the board sidewalks, where some of the telegraph posts are gaudy totem poles, they strolled in costumes of the period: Indians; gamblers in black frock coats and broad-brimmed hats, with watch chains made of gold nuggets; women in bustles; bearded sourdoughs; hunters in fur caps and jackets, with rifles on their shoulders. In one street I saw re-enacted the



In 1898, Lake Bennett shores were crowded with improvised boatyards. Rest of gold-seekers' journey was made by water

assassination of Soapy Smith, a ruffian who once terrorized the district.

Many are the travelers who have described Skagway's desolate appearance at the turn of the century, when thousands of gold-maddened adventurers were camped there—the mud flats covered with dirty tents and rickety shacks, the half-dead horses roaming its outskirts, London and Service tell of the loafers who hung about its streets, stirring up fights and trying to swindle returning miners out of their hard-won profits. There were plenty of wily souls around who sought to make their fortunes without the necessity of a trip to the Klondike. How? Easily: by buying up cheaply the supplies, equipment, and horses of those who gave up after a few days in the mountains and came back to the beach to head for home, and selling them at exorbitant prices to the newly arrived. Later, when the encampment started to become a town, the first wooden buildings were cafés and gambling halls, where the unwary possessors of a little gold were adroitly fleeced.

All this is now gone, and of the things reported by contemporary chroniclers only the howl of the wind sweeping down off the mountains is left. The very name of the village is an Indian word meaning "Valley of the Wind."

The valley was carved by a torrential river that empties into the Pacific at Skagway. The Argonauts' route, and therefore ours, followed for some distance the course of the river. When we left town, on a Sunday morning in July, the entire population came out to see us off, headed by the mayor, Cyril A. Coyne. Looking at the crowd, all dressed up to go on to church and with not a few U.S. tourists among them—so placid and middle-class—it was difficult to imagine the Skagway of sixty years ago.

The Argonauts walked only as far as Lake Bennett and made the rest of the journey by canoe or raft over the lakes and the Yukon River. But those forty-odd miles were enough of an obstacle to turn back more than thirty thousand, a third of those who started. Over a thousand



Photograph taken by author on same spot last year shows how area has reverted to wilderness

more are believed to have died on the way.

We, of course, would not suffer any of our predecessors' hardships. First, we had guides. Second, it was midsummer. Third, we were not loaded up with excess baggage. Fourth, and perhaps most important, spotted around not far off our route were various shelters and railway stations of the picturesque narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Route. The only danger was that we might meet a bear—they abound in those mountains—but it was unlikely that one of these creatures would attack a group of fifteen, including several fully armed soldiers.

The first four or five miles are no problem at all nowadays, for a gravel road runs as far as the first railway station, Rocky Point. By this time we were already more than eleven hundred feet above sea level. Soon, after crossing the river, we were on the original trail.

Though covered with grass and moss, the path beaten by thousands of feet and hoofs can still be seen. It moves steadily upward from the river along one side of the chasm, while the railroad tracks run along a ledge opposite. It is about a yard wide and wherever the terrain permits it broadens to two. What principally struck me, after walking it for a few hours, was that nowhere did it offer any insuperable difficulty, even for tyro mountaineers.

Then why such a mortality rate, the memory of which chills the blood to this day? Why, at this stage of the game, did so many renounce El Dorado? I think there must have been several reasons. One, the fact that most began the trek in winter, when the path is partly blocked with snow. Another, the avalanches that must have been set off by the noise of such a crowd passing through a deep canyon with almost vertical walls. But the main reason must have been sheer numbers—the accumulation of an untrained and miserably equipped mob on a path where it is necessary to walk single-file and impossible to stop for rest without holding up the impatient thousands behind. The sick or exhausted had to crouch for hours in a chink of the rock, until the interminable caravan stopped for the night and they could make their painful way down again.

One of the most tragic aspects concerned the horses. Those Argonauts who used pack animals did not know how to care for them, nor were the horses themselves skilled at mountain-climbing. From one eight-hundred-yard stretch, halfway along the ledge, more than three thousand horses fell into the abyss in less than four months. Only the sure-footed mules made it past this point and on to the top, and almost all were then sacrificed to feed their masters, who had largely forgotten that they would need some kind of provisions. The railroad tracks cross over here, and on a platform at one side of the bridge is a monument erected by animal-lovers to the innocent victims of this stupid, needless cruelty.

After about twenty miles we emerged onto a rocky plateau dotted with lakes of glacial origin, about thirty-three hundred feet above sea level. Walking on this plateau, though not dangerous, was laborious in the extreme because of the unevenness of the ground, but the beauty of the mountain landscapes more than compensated for the difficulties. Three miles short of Lake Bennett we met the railroad again and followed it, now downhill, to the lake beach where the Argonauts' foot journey ended.

In 1898 ten thousand people were living in tents on this beach. They were mostly occupied in building crude boats and rafts for sale to the gold-seekers, who still had 465 miles to go. Later, what with the end of the gold rush and the extension of the railway to Whitehorse, sixty miles farther along, the Lake Bennett carpenters' business dwindled to nothing and they moved on. Today the only vestiges of human activity there are the ruins of a never-completed wooden church and the White Pass & Yukon Route station, where we were served a succulent lunch after three and a half days of walking. Something the Klondikers did not find on that shore!

Twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, the lake stretches northward about twenty-five miles between formidable mountains. There are unnamed lakes within two or three miles that empty into the Pacific via rivers less than thirty miles long, but Lake Bennett runs the other way, into the Yukon, which empties into Bering Strait after a course of more than two thousand miles across Alaska. It is a sinister, savage watery canyon, overhung by the glaciers that formed it. The day we were there

a south wind was blowing, raising waves more than sufficient to capsize a boat piloted by inexperienced hands. The fact that many of the gold-seekers were absolute novices, combined with the crudity of their craft, explains why Lake Bennett was the end of the odyssey for dozens of them. We could see no point in sailing it ourselves, so we took the train, which skirts its eastern edge, as far as Carcross.

At Carcross—so named because it used to be a caribou ford—it communicates with the larger and even crueler Taku, an arm of the Tagish. Though other, larger lakes are formed farther on, the Tagish may be considered the source of the Yukon River.

The first thirty-eight miles, down to Whitehorse, are unquestionably the river's most dangerous reach, with numerous rapids that challenge even experienced pilots. Worst of all is the Miles Rapids, where the water races at dizzying speed through a gorge about a hundred feet wide, boiling into terrifying whirlpools. Here there could be no doubt about the need for a pilot, and they charged twenty-five dollars for the three-minute run. Jack London, who was one of them, is said to have earned more than three thousand dollars in a single month. Ninety per cent of those who would not or could not pay perished on the spot.

By the end of the year nearly seven thousand vessels had passed the rapids, with twenty-five thousand passengers. A little below, on the left bank, is Whitehorse, today the capital of the Yukon Territory and in 1898 a plain where thousands of adventurers camped to repair their battered boats. Or to abandon them and fit themselves out with dogsleds, during the eight-month winter when the river is frozen.

Whitehorse is the only town that has increased in importance since the Argonauts passed through. The terminus of the only railroad to the coast, it is also on the Alaskan Highway, the region's chief means of communication except for the airplane. And it is the place where the river becomes navigable, even to ships of regular draft, for the rest of its length. But there are still many difficulties before the confluence with the Klondike, and at the time of the gold rush they were much greater because the river's channels and the peculiarities of its currents were unknown.

Of those who got this far, hundreds more died of cold in the last stage of their journey. Robert W. Service immortalized in one of his poems the cremation of Sam McGee, who froze to death a little below Whitehorse on the shore of Lake Laberge. Interviewed in Monte Carlo by a Radio Canada correspondent shortly before his recent death, Service said that the episode was purely imaginary and that he himself had created Sam McGee. The first part of this statement is true, but not the second. Sam McGee actually lived; he met Service in the Klondike and died of old age in Manitoba in 1943. His log cabin is still standing in Whitehorse.

But the sight of Lake Laberge, even from the deck of a beautiful modern motorboat, makes understandable the state of mind that inspired Service to "kill" his friend in 1898. On the slopes facing south across the lake, the



Klondikers' camp at Dyea, on Alaskan coast, in summer of 1898. One trail started here

pinus and spruces are green, warmed by the constant summer sun; but on the other shore, in perpetual shadow since the beginning of time, ice gleams white on the black rocks and some of North America's lowest temperatures have been recorded. When the wind comes up the lake storms are terrible, and the Argonauts had to seek shelter on the nearest shore—there to perish, perhaps frozen like McGee.

Three hundred seventy-two miles downriver the Argonauts' journey came to an end—and perhaps the most extraordinary part of their adventures began. On the right bank, where the Klondike empties and at the foot of a mountain, the first arrivals set up tents or built shacks

Dead Horse Gulch, where thousands of animals fell to their deaths from narrow trail



or mud huts. By the end of 1896 three or four wooden buildings had appeared: a hotel, a bank, an office for the Northwest Police (now the Royal Canadian Mounted Police) with adjoining firehouse. Soon, with a population of thirty-five thousand, Dawson was the biggest city in the Northwest after Vancouver and Victoria. The streets were full of people day and night. The cafés, dance halls, and gambling houses were open around the clock; the Monte-Carlo, the Tivoli, the Palace Grand (where Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., performed in his road-show-comedian days), the Flora Dora Hall, and the Opera House became renowned. There were shops, a number of hotels, and the Northwest's first hospital, St. Mary's, founded by the beloved Holy Cross missionary Father Judge.

Meanwhile, the miners themselves would go on to the Bonanza Valley, about ten miles away, coming down to Dawson only to squander their gold on drink, women, and the gaming tables. The word "Bonanza" is Spanish and means "zone rich in minerals" and, in Mexico, "rich vein." No one in the Klondike could tell me how it had come to be the name of the former Rabbit. It must have been applied originally by the Mexican and Californian miners of whom there were so many in the early expeditions—a theory I formulated myself after observing the number of Spanish names, from those places and even from Peru, inscribed in the Dawson archives during the first months of the gold rush.

It was close to midnight by our watches when we arrived in Dawson, but the sky was bright as day though the sun had gone down: actually, all night long there was no need to turn on the street lamps, even if there had been any. The streets, mostly of dirt with plank sidewalks, were deserted except for marauding dogs, all of them enormous. We had reached the golden city, the modern El Dorado, the Colchis of the Argonauts of '96.

I snatched no more than four hours' sleep in the shabby hotel and was out again before six, anxious to see as much as I could. I had known enough, of course, not to expect the boisterous and motley population of the turn of the century, but still less did I anticipate the tragic specter that Dawson is now. Scarcely three hundred people live there. Where cabins once crept up the surrounding mountain flanks and along both banks of the Klondike there is nothing but wilderness and silence. Most of the town's buildings have disappeared under the battering of wind and neglect, and of those still standing many look ready to topple over at any moment. A number have "danger" notices posted on their doors. The Palace Grand, however, is in good condition. So is the governor's mansion, which is now an old-age asylum in which thirty-eight Argonauts are cared for by St. Anne nuns from Quebec. There are also, among others, the bank where Robert W. Service worked and the cabin he lived and wrote in.

One of the most melancholy sights is the ruined Auditorium, across whose boards passed many vaudeville celebrities. Its oil paintings of female nudes, commissioned by the first owner from a fashionable Paris artist, were famous; the shipping alone cost a fortune. Today they have mostly disappeared—wrenched off the walls, so we were told, by unscrupulous tourists who later got

a good price for them in New York. Three are in the village museum, which occupies the old firehouse.

I visited the theater accompanied by Tim Stewart, who was once a dancer there. In those days a bottle cost twenty-five dollars in the pit and thirty-five in the boxes. Old Stewart recalled, in a trembling voice and with tears in his eyes, how the miners used to toss little bags of gold onto the stage just for the pleasure of seeing the girls' petticoats when they stooped to pick them up. Of the old pictures only one—quite a bad one, but fairly well preserved despite the dampness and the wind blowing through the broken windows—is left, in the vestibule. It bears the legend "Go thou and sin no more," and represents Our Lord admonishing the adulterous woman. On our way out I asked Stewart: "Have you any idea who was the last sinner to leave this place forever after reading that biblical phrase?"



Midnight of June 10, 1904: Dawson, the gold-rush capital, in its heyday. On left side of street, the famous Auditorium

"I'm the last," replied the old man, with a sly wink, "and I haven't left yet."

In Dawson they never stop talking about the good old days. I spoke to some of the Argonauts in the asylum and to others who made their pile but could not bring themselves to abandon the city they created.

One fellow came from Australia in 1897 planning to get rich quick so that he could buy a farm in New South Wales and marry the girl he had left behind. He has never yet found enough gold to go home and realize his dream. A Frenchman, who had gambled away his inheritance at Monte Carlo, came over from Paris in the hope of recouping it. He never saw France again. He was lucky enough—in his first year alone he extracted twenty thousand dollars' worth—but his luck was forever deserting him at the doors of the Dawson gambling houses. Now, in his eighties, he lives in the asylum. In his memory, recollections of the casinos of France are tangled up with those of the Aurora in the Klondike.

But fortune did not treat everybody so badly. They tell

of one Charles Anderson, who arrived in 1898 with a small capital. By that time, there was nothing left to discover along the Bonanza, for the best sites had already been staked out, so Anderson began to explore other, lesser-known ravines. In one he came upon a couple of rogues who offered him a mine. They showed him some gold particles and explained that they were selling out because they already had enough to keep them for the rest of their lives and did not want to spend another winter in such a place. After all the right papers were signed in the right places, Anderson gave them eight hundred dollars, all he had, in exchange for title to the property. But soon he realized he had been taken in—the sands of his concession contained not an ounce of gold.

He complained to the authorities, who replied that the sale was in order and that it was his own fault for not having checked up more carefully. In deep dejection, he returned to the mine and started moving rocks and excavating all over the place. He did not expect to find anything, but neither did he care to go back to Dawson, where his friends were beginning to call him "Poor Charlie." A few days later, he came upon some nuggets in the bottom of one of his pits. Within a few months Charles Anderson was rich. He returned to the United States and established a large business, but he did not fail to visit the Klondike every two or three years until his death in 1952. The rascals who had sold him the mine never emerged from penury; one died many years ago and the other lives in a home for the aged in Alberta.

Beyond question the noblest of all the Argonauts was Father Judge. Solely to provide spiritual, and as far as possible material, assistance to the sick and disheartened, he journeyed to Dawson alone from the mouth of the Yukon in the winter of 1897-98. After walking for several months over Indian trails and frozen rivers, with a dog-sled loaded with medicines and bandages, he arrived in the midst of a scurvy outbreak. Already mortally ill himself, he still had enough strength and time left to treat hundreds of cases. Most important, he managed with the help of generous volunteers to finish his hospital, in which he died a few months after its opening.

There are still people in Dawson bewitched by the lure of gold. Not many, certainly, and of course not the original Argonauts, but no less notable for all that. I met one, a forty-five-year-old German geologist, who arrived ten years ago after having spent most of his life in China. He tramps back and forth through the mountains, his only companion an Alsatian dog, hoping to find gold in some forgotten ravine.

But it is unlikely that there is a single one in the whole Klondike region that has not been explored, turned upside down, and sifted by big companies, which employ teams of experienced prospectors and all the latest resources of technology. The deposits, ever poorer and more dispersed, are worked by gigantic dredges valued at a million and a half dollars each, which pass by a given spot every two or three years and churn it all up again. As the dredges advance they scoop out pools to float in, using the waters



Main street of Whitehorse, present capital of Yukon Territory. Modern pioneers have come to build, not to extract

of the streams. In the Bonanza basin, the creek used to flow through thick woods. When I was there, the stream had been converted into a chain of ponds, in one of which a dredge of the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation was working, and for many square miles around the forests were buried under chaotic mountains of rubbish, rocks, and soil. None of the Argonauts, I am sure, would recognize the landscape if they revisited it now.

A company technician told me that the dredge operates twenty-four hours a day, with a crew of twenty-one men working in three shifts. It moves more than eight thousand tons of earth daily for an average of fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold. In the great times, one man could obtain as much by washing three or four tons of earth in primitive fashion. Present-day production in the Dawson area comes to about two million dollars a year.

This is not enough to revive the moribund city, since few people are needed and most of these live not in Dawson but in camps near the workings. But the scanty population is not resigned to complete extinction, and various enthusiasts, sons or grandsons of the Argonauts, are trying to create new industries. One of these is an Englishman by the name of Adams, who explores the mountains not for gold but for mastodon "cemeteries." From the tusks of these antediluvian monsters he carves bric-a-brac and costume jewelry much sought after in Canada and the United States. Tourists always pick up a souvenir at Mr. Adams' shop. Indeed, tourism is a main resource. Between the end of May and the end of September people arrive by the car- and plane-load to see what remains of what someone, in a moment of euphoria, once called "the Babylon of the Northwest." When I left, prepa-

rations were afoot for the reception of a location unit sent by one of the two big U.S. movie companies that are filming pictures about the golden days. But the brightest hopes of Dawson citizens are based on the discovery of large asbestos deposits not far from the Klondike. This may lead to industrialization of the region, which has a vast hydroelectric potential, and perhaps to the improvement of land communication with the outside world.

According to the census of 1901, the Yukon Territory had a population of nearly forty thousand; by 1941 it had declined to less than five thousand. This appears to have been rock bottom, for it has been rising ever since and now totals more than twelve thousand, including two thousand Indians and, along the Arctic Ocean, a few dozen Eskimos. The new growth, though slower, seems more solid and stable than that of 1898. Again it is based on natural resources, most of them undeveloped, but this time on a variety of products rather than on just one.

I have flown nearly four thousand miles in all directions over the Yukon and toured much of it by train, car, canoe, and foot. With an area of more than two thousand square miles, it constitutes 5½ per cent of the territory of Canada. Across its entire surface, mountain ranges run almost parallel from southeast to northwest—the highest in the south, where Mt. St. Elias and Mt. Logan rise to nearly twenty thousand feet. The great river from which the territory takes its name flows in the same direction athwart the southeast corner. Behind the steep coast range the land averages five thousand feet in altitude.

Thanks to the mountains, the climate is surprisingly benign for such a latitude. To the south, the St. Elias range shuts off the dampness from the Pacific; to the north and west, the Mackenzie Mountains protect most of the territory from Arctic blasts. Though the average winter temperature around the mining town of Mayo is below zero, and the record North American low of -81

was reported at Snag airport in 1947, the southern and central areas are better protected from polar cold fronts than Saskatchewan or Ontario. January temperatures in Whitehorse are six or seven degrees higher than in Saskatoon or Winnipeg, several hundred miles to the south, and 40 or even 50 above is not uncommon. The summers are warm and pleasant, and I saw no snow except for patches on a few peaks.

The wild vegetation then is exuberant. The skirts of the mountains are covered with all sorts of conifers and poplars, and with willows on the lower levels warmed by the sun. Countless species of flowers tint the landscapes a thousand colors, the most abundant being the so-called "fireflower" (*Epilobium angustifolium* to the botanist), which flourishes in regions devastated by forest fires. It varies in color from orange-red to mauve, and is the territory's official flower. In Pine Creek, not far from Whitehorse, a government experiment station is producing fruits native to more southerly climes, and there are a few farms on southward-facing slopes. But in general the season is too short for any but hothouse agriculture.

Under these conditions, some will say, development of the area faces tremendous obstacles. Certainly, but the inhabitants are not prepared to recognize them. In Whitehorse especially, you breathe an air of optimism, and gigantic hydroelectric projects are being studied. The exploitation of silver-bearing lead ores has progressed considerably in recent years; there are mines in Keno Hill, 150 miles to the north, and a silver refinery that employs six hundred men.

Farther north, on the Peel Plateau, above the Arctic Circle, two companies are drilling for oil. Last year they brought in costly machinery by helicopter and sleigh trains over the frozen rivers, and they are said to have found some petroleum already. It is too soon to tell whether exploitation is economically feasible, but the prospects cannot be bad, since the topographic surveys have already been started for a pipeline of nearly a thousand miles, to the south coast of Alaska.

After fifty years' stagnation, this is what they talk about in the Yukon these days. The newcomers I spoke to have enough confidence that some have already started small local industries, such as furniture and electric-appliance factories, garages, transport firms, and construction businesses. The houses going up in Whitehorse today are not of wood alone; their builders are thinking of the future and using brick and concrete. The adventurers' camp of sixty years ago has modern hotels, hospitals, banks, shops, warehouses, schools, churches, and a splendid palace housing government offices and public services. I met doctors, lawyers, dentists, journalists, and businessmen. Almost all have brought their wives and children with them, and little by little they are shaping a permanent society. Pioneers they are, but none resemble in the slightest the Argonauts of '98. The sourdoughs came to make their fortunes; these have come to create wealth.

When I set out to visit the Yukon, I wondered if I might not be getting there sixty years too late. Now I can see that the Argonauts arrived too soon. ♦

Author (left) in Dawson with a German prospector who still expects to find gold in the Klondike





JUNGLE MUSE

In 1925 a Tulane University expedition led by Frans Blom and Oliver La Farge stumbled upon several stone monuments, mostly buried, in the almost impenetrable forest of La Venta, northern Tabasco State, Mexico. They could not stay to dig, but a photograph they took led the 1940 National Geographic Society-Smithsonian Institution expedition headed by Matthew Stirling to probe the site and uncover sculptures, animal figures, urns, and altars that had been hidden for thousands of years.

Beyond their actual discovery, however, there is much about them that is still shrouded in mystery, since no definite knowledge is available about their origin or the artists who created them. What were these monuments? What did they represent? What people, what race had produced them, and when?

Traces of this same La Venta culture, earlier called Olmec and thought to be at least three thousand years old, have been found in other parts of Mexico and in the Central American countries. Some scientists believe that the culture of La Venta gave birth to the great civilizations of ancient Mexico—the Maya, the Zapotec, and the Totonac, among others.

LUIS GUILLERMO PIAZZA of Argentina, a Pan American Union staff member, prepared this article while Secretary of the OAS Cultural Action Committee in Mexico.

Colossal stone head in La Venta park-museum, carved by unknown people, wears helmet and ear ornaments, weighs some twenty tons





UM

LUIS GUILLERMO PIAZZA

Triumphal monument shows victor, with crown of leaves and feathers, holding in his left hand a dagger and in his right a rope tied to prisoner's arm. Jaguar face above his head may represent sun. Crossed lines between eyeteeth resemble sky sign of later Maya culture



One puzzling fact is that the human figures represented in the sculpture are distinctly negroid in character. The noses are flattened, the lips thick and prominent—traits, in short, similar to those of certain peoples of Oceania. Some figures have beards, perhaps for adornment or as a disguise with some special meaning. Altogether, the racial characteristics displayed suggest that some other ethnological group may have preceded the Indian migration to this continent thousands of years ago.

Most of the theories about the La Venta sculpture have probably evolved as a result of myth or legend. Even if we reject them all, the question still remains as to the worth of the monuments as works of art. We no longer hold to the Greek ideal in judging beauty of the human form or of its artistic representation. As the French novel-



Striding figure with footprint is probably new arrival. Symbols at right may represent his name, origin, or chief characteristic

Monkey eyeing
the sky. Ancient
sculptor treated
body in simplified
form as column



Bas-relief on side of monument to maternity. Front has mother and child set in niche. Statues were mutilated ages ago



ist-turned-art-critic André Malraux has said, "Until now, humanity has known only worlds of art as exclusive as religious worlds. But today we have an Olympus in which all gods, all civilizations, are oriented toward all men who understand the language of art."

Such adjectives as "frightening," "terrible," and "grotesque," which a majority of European critics have applied to recent Mexican art exhibitions, might also describe the huge immobile figures found at La Venta. One is reminded of what that anonymous conquistador, a companion of Hernán Cortés, wrote in his *Relación de Algunas Cosas de la Nueva España* (Account of Some Things in New Spain): "It is well known that in the figures those people created and worshiped as idols they saw the devil and heard his voice."

But, at any rate, there it is—beauty. If it seems to change as an ideal or as a form of expression in different eras and in different civilizations, it is unchanging in its impact on those disposed to see and to enjoy.

"There is no error or disproportion that was not intentional on the artist's part. It is these elements that give each work its individual personality," the historian José Pijoán has said of the giant sculpture at La Venta in his *Summa Artis*.

"There is a contrast between the abstract and expressive conception of the whole and the marked realism in the detail," comments the German critic Paul Westheim.

That beauty and those contrasts led to the realization of a poet's dream. About ten years ago, the monuments unearthed in the forest at La Venta were threatened with destruction by the discovery of oil near by. As time went on, and the drillings came closer and closer, it became apparent that something must be done. Carlos Pellicer, one of Mexico's great poets, if not its greatest, had been working for the establishment of an archaeological museum in Villahermosa, capital of Tabasco (his native state), about sixty miles from La Venta. Now, with the same ardor, he threw himself into a project for rescuing these marvelous works of art and making another museum of them—placing them much as they had stood before, in a beautiful wooded setting. In carrying it out, he drew on his own poetic imagination as well as the ancient artists'.

The difficulties involved in hauling those enormous stone blocks for miles and miles through the forest are not hard to picture. The government-owned oil company, Pemex, provided the equipment, and the Department of Hydraulic Resources paid the expenses of relocating the sculpture in Villahermosa.

Anyone with a penchant for the mysterious can wander for hours through the dark, leafy shade of the Villahermosa forest. Suddenly, in a small clearing, he may come upon a huge stone figure. It may be a model of a human head, more than ten feet high, a triumphal monument; it may be an altar, or even a symbolic sculpture in tribute to motherhood. One might well read the following inscription, as in the Bomarzo forest in Italy, a place also wrapped in secrecy: "You who enter here, compose your thoughts and tell me if all these wonders are illusion or art." ♦

Mexican poet Carlos Pellicer, who worked for Park's creation, beside figure known as "The Grandmother"

LITTLE

ants

A short story by J. M. SANZ LAJARA

Illustrated by VICENTE SANCHEZ MEJIAS

THE COLONEL was a methodical man and a brave man. He got up every day at the same time, at the very moment when the sun appeared above the palm trees, drank the same glass of water, did the same setting-up exercises, shaved, washed, dressed, and proceeded to make the same minute inspection of the barracks and of the troops. The Colonel had the most brilliant service record imaginable and had received all the decorations. Undoubtedly, he was an exceptional soldier.

The town was clean and orderly, a small group of houses on the edge of the ocean, surrounded by palms and coconut trees. Almost all the little houses were white, and almost all the residents within were black. The sky was blue most of the time, although once in a while it became gray or even bright red. The sea was also blue, although one morning it was chocolate-colored, but that was during a hurricane.

No one in the town was important. On the outskirts, nevertheless, there was a green house with a zinc balcony, and that house was different, for it was where the Colonels' sweetheart lived. She was a terrific and very beautiful mulatto, but the Colonel was the only one who knew this, for he was very jealous and did not allow anyone to talk to her. Their love was something private, full of kisses and sighs and promises and even arguments, but always in private, behind closed doors. The Colonel's sweetheart could not mix with the townspeople.

The townspeople feared but respected the Colonel. All recognized in him a true hero, although, truth to tell, he spoke so little that his real character was a mystery. And the people stopped worrying about the Colonel's character, lest it annoy him. It was very important to get on

well with him.

Along the road that led out of town, flirted with the sea, and lazily disappeared into the belly of a very ugly mountain, there lived an idiot. He was a poor man with a childish face. He had never talked, and he was always drooling as if he were cutting teeth, although he already had his teeth. He did not comb his hair or shave, and someone had to dress him every day, because otherwise he might well have gone out naked, and that would have displeased the Colonel.

The idiot did absolutely nothing of importance. Every afternoon they let him sit at the edge of the road, and there he would take some dirt in his hands and set it down somewhere else or, with a stick, trace furrows that no one took any notice of. Undoubtedly, he was the least important man in town.

Every afternoon, when the Colonel rode in his Chevrolet from the barracks to his sweetheart's house, he had to pass by the house of the idiot, but since he was so preoccupied with keeping the town clean and the inhabitants from plotting a revolution, he never noticed him.

But one time the Chevrolet broke down. It coughed urgently, and came to a halt in front of the idiot's house. The Colonel, now in a bad humor, had to get out of the car, and he was much vexed because he wanted to kiss the sultry lips of his mulatto sweetheart.

"What's your name?" he asked the idiot, who, not knowing how to talk, laughed. It was the first time anyone had laughed at the Colonel.

A very disheveled woman came out of the hut and said to the Colonel, most respectfully to be sure, "Colonel, please excuse my grandson, because the poor boy has been an idiot from birth."

"Aha!" the Colonel exclaimed. "And what is he doing with that stick? Don't you see he is sitting on an anthill? Those ants sting."

Sure enough, the idiot was sitting on an anthill, but, despite the Colonel's fears, he appeared to be playing with the ants. Anyway, if the ants stung him, how could he complain, not knowing how to speak?

"Colonel," the old woman said then, "he plays with the little ants. They are his only toys."

The Colonel scratched his head and turned his back on the old woman. Undoubtedly, he had never known anyone who played with ants, and he began to watch the idiot with interest.

There were many, a great many, columns of ants. They were coming out of the grass, from the trunks of the palm trees, from the mounds of sand. They were real armies, the Colonel thought, surprised, that moved in orderly fashion, worked in orderly fashion, and surrounded the idiot on all sides, also in good order. The Colonel was never mistaken, and he decided that they were very foolish ants to waste their time amusing an idiot.

When the Chevrolet's engine had stopped coughing, the Colonel proceeded to his sweetheart's house, and the idiot went on playing with the little ants. The grandmother breathed easily, for it would certainly have been unpleasant if the Colonel had been annoyed by her

J. M. SANZ LAJARA, Dominican Ambassador to Argentina, has been writing short stories and novels since his student days. "Little Ants" will be included in his book *El Candado (The Padlock)*, soon to be published in Spanish simultaneously in Ciudad Trujillo, Quito, and Buenos Aires, and in Portuguese in Brazil. VICENTE SANCHEZ MEJIAS, Spanish by birth, now lives in Peru.

grandson and the ants.

The Colonel continued to catch sight of the idiot every afternoon from his Chevrolet, but paid him no heed. One day during his siesta, however, the Colonel, who never had nightmares, awoke all excited because he had dreamed of the idiot. It was a very strange dream, in which he was playing with ants and the idiot had the insolence to pass by dressed as a colonel riding in the Chevrolet. The Colonel could not go back to sleep but began to pace about, naturally frightening the sertries, who were not accustomed to receiving orders at siesta time.

The Colonel went on with his business, paying no further attention to the matter. But he had the same dream some nights later, and then on other nights as well. The fifth or the sixth time, the Colonel decided that these nightmares were very annoying and he would have to do something about them. He went to see the idiot.

"Even though you don't know how to talk, idiot, you must respect the orders I have issued. Madam," he said, calling the old woman. "you must wash him, comb his hair, and not let him sit here playing with ants."

The old woman assented with many obeisances, and the Colonel would have left satisfied, if the idiot had not laughed. The Colonel thought that punishing the idiot would be unworthy of an officer like himself, and went on in his Chevrolet to his sweetheart's house. They made love, but she said she found him very preoccupied and not himself today. The Colonel laughed happily, because that was nonsense, like everything sweethearts say under such circumstances.

One day the Colonel had to punish a soldier, and he ordered him to prison. When they brought in the prisoner, looking very sad, the Colonel countermanded his order and pardoned him. "After all," he said to himself, "the offense is not a serious one."

The soldiers were very much surprised, because it was the first time the Colonel had shown weakness. But since soldiers do not like to think, they went about their duties and quickly forgot that the Colonel had pardoned one of them.

One day the Colonel thought about the idiot when he was not dreaming, and he decided that this was too much and went to see him immediately.

When he asked the old woman about him, he learned that the idiot, following his orders, was playing with the little ants behind the house instead of out in front as before.

"Do you mean to tell me," the Colonel asked, "that the idiot has taken the ants around there?"

"No, no, Colonel. The little ants followed him."

"Aha!" exclaimed the Colonel. "This I must see!"

And so he went to the patio behind the house and there, indeed, he saw the idiot sitting on the ground, holding his stick and directing the columns of ants.

"Incredible," he said to himself. "Incredible."

He scratched his head. He was about to scratch it again when it occurred to him that the order shown by the idiot's ants was like that he had established in the



town. And he smiled. The idiot, his head raised like a broken broom, imitated the Colonel's smile. And from that day on they were friends.

It is difficult to describe or explain the friendship of a colonel and an idiot, but that is how it was. Every day, on the way to his sweetheart's house, the Colonel stopped his Chevrolet, waited for the Sergeant to open the car door, and got out in front of the idiot's house. Then he went to the patio and stood very quietly behind the idiot. No one ever knew what he was thinking.

He would spend at least an hour there. He was fascinated by the little ants running here and there, carrying dead insects or parts of insects, building dams and tunnels, touching noses or whatever, even making love. The idiot's omnipotent stick alone presided over all that activity. And the Colonel scratched and scratched his head so much that he began to grow bald. He came to have practically a football field on top of his skull.

All the Negroes in the white houses began to whisper about the Colonel's visits to the idiot. No, no, it was not possible that such a brilliant soldier could take pleasure in ants and an idiot. Moreover, how could such a methodical person as the Colonel leave his sweetheart, the mulatto, to visit an idiot?

And while the people were whispering, some began to take advantage of the situation. The soldiers arrived late at their barracks or went around drinking rum on the beach, the fishermen stopped fishing, and a big lad with a thin face like a chewed caramel spoke in a low voice of insubordination.

"It's impossible!" he repeated in the little plaza or in the streets. "This Colonel is a fool."

One day a telegram arrived for the Colonel. His face turned red when he read it, and he took the Chevrolet, this time without the chauffeur, and drove to the capital.

The Minister of War received him and said: "Colonel, this is inexcusable. A model officer like you disregards his obligations, neglects his troops, and lets the very men by whom he should be respected criticize him," and he pounded a pile of unsigned letters on his desk. "Either you take some action or I will break you to captain and make you my aide!"

"Minister—" the Colonel began.

"I don't want to listen. Shoot this idiot and the matter is done with!"

As the Colonel was a very obedient officer and did not want to lose his decorations, he clicked his heels, gave a military salute, about-faced, and marched off to return to the town.

"Bring the idiot to me!" he ordered the Sergeant of the Guard.

And they brought him, with his stick in his hand. The Colonel said, without a tremor in his voice: "For causing unrest, for vagrancy, because order must reign in this town, and because no one—no one, do you hear me?—can go around organizing ants, I order you to be shot. Let him be executed tomorrow morning at seven!"

The idiot, since he could not talk, laughed. And the soldiers, grave and obedient, took him to a cell, where he spent the night unable to sleep, vainly looking for

his ants.

As for the Colonel, he did not close his eyes that night and he even spoke some rather ugly words, too ugly to be repeated, even if they were a colonel's words.

At six-thirty in the morning they took the idiot out to the patio and asked him what his last wish was. Once more he laughed, so the Sergeant decided that anyone so stupid might very well be shot.

At six-forty-five the squad fell in, and they stood the idiot against a wall that was painted white. At six-fifty the Colonel came down from his quarters, with his face rather furrowed but with his shoes very well polished, his blouse impeccable, the insignia on his cap shining like a little star invented by some poet for a romantic sonnet.

"Everything in order?" he asked.

"Everything in order," the Sergeant repeated.

"Absolutely everything," the Captain decided to add, for he wanted a promotion.

"Let us see," the Colonel said then. And, followed by the Captain and the Sergeant, he approached the idiot and stood looking at him.

Although he knew very well that the idiot could not speak, being a very methodical man and officer he asked him: "Are you resigned to your fate? Have you anything to say before you are executed?"

The idiot did not reply. The Colonel grabbed him by the hair and jerked his head up. You wouldn't believe it, but in the idiot's eyes there were two big tears, so big that they ran down his cheeks and joined the drivel from his mouth.

The Colonel did not care for those tears, and said to him, in the stentorian voice he had used when he was a lieutenant. "Why do you cry? You have to die sometime. You must die like a man, without tears, on your feet."

Undoubtedly, the Colonel was a flawless officer.

The idiot, whose face was still looking up, as the Colonel's hands had left it, half-opened his moist lips and, to the amazement of the firing squad, the Sergeant, the Captain, and even the Colonel, heavily pronounced the first words of his life: "Little ants . . . little ants . . ."

The Colonel remained very stiff and took off his cap. Then he gave the idiot a gentle look, like that of a wave falling on the beach, and drew his pistol.

"That's fine," the Sergeant said to himself, "he is going to execute him himself, as an example to the troops."

But it did not work out that way. Precisely at seven o'clock, the Colonel put the pistol to his head and shot himself. A clean and perfect shot, as if it had been fired by a great officer and a better marksman. And the Colonel fell to the ground dead, with his eyes wide open and surprised, but infinitely illuminated.

They led the idiot back to his cell, smiling because he had discovered he could say "little ants."

They would execute him later. Now they had to bury the Colonel, because they could not leave the body of such a methodical and brilliant officer as the Colonel was in life to lie on the ground in the barracks patio. ♦

ITACURUBA revisited

MARIO YURI

A few months ago in these pages, I described how electricity came to a little village in the Brazilian Northeast ("The Lights Go On in Itacuruba," in the May issue). The purpose of the Pilot Project for Rural Electrification was to help the people set up a cooperative and to encourage them to raise their standard of living by means of their own abilities and resources. But projects are always being started, with high hopes and often excellent programs—what matters is how well they hold up. As PAU adviser to the project, I recently returned to Itacuruba after a six-month absence.

As a general rule, I should point out to begin with, six months is a very short period for evaluating a project like this, in which achieving material results is less important than changing peoples' attitudes and way of life. But not in the case of Itacuruba. However brief the lapse between the two eras, I could see clearly the changes in a village that used to be dark and silent at seven in the evening and is now full of the joy of life.

I should be lying if I said that there have been nothing but successes. But these have been encouraging enough that we can regard the failures and problems merely as experience—lessons we can profit from when we approach them again by another route.

There were all kinds of revealing evidence. The young girls, who used to be all shyness, now make plans and carry them out with surprising liveliness and self-confidence. A group of adolescent boys proceeds unstintingly

with its efforts to establish a Boy Scout troop. Anyone inclined to underestimate the intelligence of country people should watch these boys and girls hold a meeting.

The school building used to be so small—two classrooms—that the six teachers, working in shifts, could give only two hours' instruction a day to more than two hundred pupils. Now the parent-teachers' association has undertaken to add a room, at no cost to the government.

A few months ago, the pigs just about owned the streets; today people have learned to keep them in pens.

Thirty or forty little girls, between six and ten, are taking weekly lessons in embroidery and weaving from one of the Project members. They are becoming amazingly deft—but this is not all they learn. Since they must be well groomed when they come to class, they are acquiring habits of cleanliness. If they fail to fulfill this requirement, they are not sent home but taken out by the teacher to be washed and combed.

Wounds used to be treated with clay or earth, with consequences that need not be mentioned. Now a clinic has been opened, and a village girl was put in charge after taking a first-aid course in a neighboring town. People are getting used to going to her for the treatment that will prevent infection.

Until this year, the people of Itacuruba always went to near-by villages for the traditional Northeastern festival of St. John, on June 24, because they had no suitable place to celebrate in and no one to head the program. Now they have their place, the Club 15 de Setembro (the date when the electric lines were hooked up), and at the end of May its directors resolved to put on the festival. The principal activity of St. John's Day is the dancing of the quadrille, and the directors, in announcing their plans, summoned whoever was interested to rehearsals, for the performance had to be brought to the high polish appropriate to the occasion. And how many couples came to the first? More than fifty, in a village whose total population is about seven hundred. For two hours they did as best they could with such an unwieldy number, and in the end they decided to have two groups: one

Rural electrification has introduced modern farming methods: planting onions on irrigated land, formerly drought-ridden.





Rows of forty-five-day-old long-staple cotton alternate with onions, which are region's biggest money crop

dancing on the eve of the festival, the other on St. John's Day itself.

I said there have been disappointments—as in all human endeavors. The weavers, for example, are resisting every effort to make them abandon their old looms and antiquated techniques, despite having been shown that they could produce more, and of better quality, with less work. Another instance is the *curiosas*, or midwives. The methods they use are at such complete variance with the most elementary standards of hygiene that not long ago four out of ten newborn babies died of the so-called "seven-day infection," which is nothing more nor less than umbilical tetanus. After the health officer had visited all the *curiosas* in turn, they were called to a meeting at the clinic to be taught how to assist at a birth and given the necessary materials, which were to be returned after each use to prevent waste or loss. The first meeting was attended by five; the second by one; the third by none.

Organizing the cooperative has also involved problems. Little by little they are being solved, though some are real posers. For example, the directors are hardly ever

Agronomist Clovis Silva checks crops with jeep-borne equipment



all there at the same time. Their own jobs or businesses require them to go on periodic trips that, because of the distances they must cover and the primitiveness of transport, necessarily take a long time.

One serious obstacle not so easily overcome was the unexpected departure of the Project director, Dr. José Arruda, who for reasons of health was ordered back to Rio to live. In my previous article I described his outstanding qualifications for the job. Fortunately, he has not resigned his supervision. Equally fortunately, his replacement in Itacuruba, a young agronomist named Evaldo Cirne Marquez, is exceptionally dynamic and well versed in agricultural extension work.

Lately the housewives are getting attention too. At special meetings they will discuss opinions, problems, and interests. On the basis of what they have to say, courses will be set up—in dressmaking, home economics, gardening, and so on.

When I left, plans were under way for a monitoring station to pick up and rebroadcast recorded lessons in various subjects over closed-circuit radio. At each set there will be a class leader using supplementary primers and a blackboard. They already have the main receiver, and a technician has gone to Rio for special training in this approach to education.

So it is with the Pilot Project. I could go on and on listing accomplishments, but I just want to make one point: that with a little money and determination a lot can be done for our rural areas. The main thing is to talk the people's language, to appreciate and take advantage of good habits and traditions and correct bad ones. And this is exactly what is being done in the heart of the Brazilian Northeast. It is quite true that there are no oil refineries, skyscrapers, or bridges to show for the progress that has been made. But of far greater and longer-lasting significance is the fact that the people are learning to live a new way, to shed old inhibitions and complexes, to be self-reliant. The most telling proof of achievement and progress will come when the younger generation takes over the community leadership. ♦

PERILin PRINTS

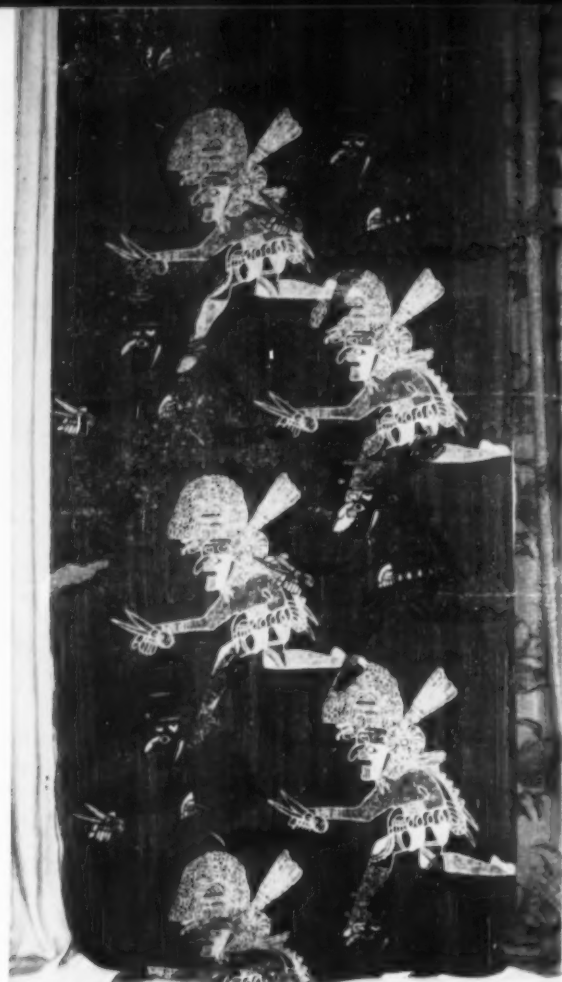
JUNE WILCOXON BROWN

IN A LOW, rambling building on the outskirts of Lima, Peru, an attractive and gifted woman carries on an exciting textile-designing business. She is Silvia von Hagen, the wife of a well-known explorer and archaeologist, who has neatly adapted her artistic talents to her husband's wanderings.

While accompanying Victor von Hagen on an adventurous and often perilous two-year expedition to rediscover the ancient Inca highway system, Silvia tirelessly sketched and photographed pottery, tapestries, and architectural details. Her artist's eye ranged from the colorful Indian costumes to the basic outlines of the deep valleys, high mountains, and sometimes rain-starved foothills around her. The highly original designs that resulted were refined and perfected during a year Mrs. von Hagen spent in the United States and Europe, and now they are transferred by the silk-screen process to cottons and linens for place mats, tablecloths, skirts, and draperies.

In 1956, with the completion of a studio on the Von Hagen estate, "Silvania," Mrs. von Hagen was in business. Set among trees and bright flowers, with grilled windows and a bamboo roof, the blue-painted studio

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"Chasqui" design. Large size, printed on linen, is used for draperies and screens; small, on cotton, for blouses, skirts, ties

Silvia von Hagen shows Peruvian women design inspired by tuncital pottery bulls sold by Indians in town of Pucará



Wearing a dress of material that she herself designed, Silvia von Hagen is probably her own best salesperson



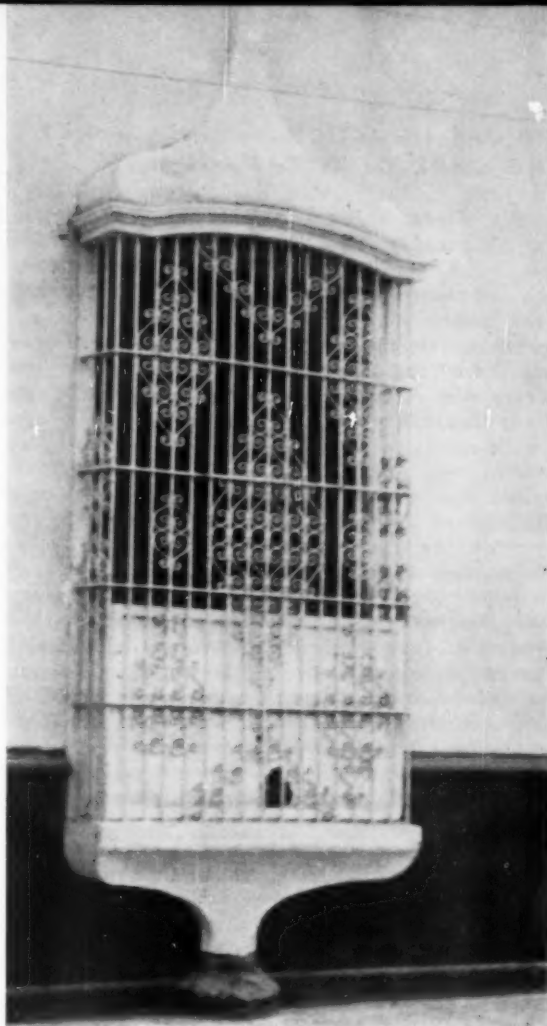
looks more like a tropical retreat than a working plant. But in equipment it is functional in every respect. Tables, long as bowling alleys, are used for printing the materials. One section is reserved for making the silk screens, a vital part of the process. A steamer fixes the dyes permanently, and there are sections for washing and finishing the hand-screened fabrics. Mrs. von Hagen does the work herself, with the help of two Peruvian artists.

The fine fabrics and finished articles produced in the studio are sold in Mrs. von Hagen's Lima shop, Sylvania Prints, which does a brisk business with Peruvians and tourists alike. The most popular of the ancient designs include "Chasqui," adapted from the couriers who carried messages along the Inca highway; "Inca plaid," a modern interpretation of designs found in weavings and ceramics of the Incas; and "Puruchuco," inspired by the mummy wrappings found at the pre-Inca ruin of Puruchuco, near Lima. From Spanish colonial elements Mrs. von Hagen has created designs suggested by grilled windows, balconies, manuscripts, carved doorways, and churches. The modern scene has given her guano birds, jungle pineapples, flowers, plants, and the fanciful pottery bulls sold by the Indians in the town of Pucará.

Although born in Germany, Silvia von Hagen spent the early years of her life in Brazil. She went to Skidmore College in New York and there majored in art, specializing in textile design. After college, she received further training from the celebrated textile designers D.D. and Leslie Tillett, whose firm supplied her with expert assistance when she was establishing her own plant.

In May of this year, Sylvania prints were seen in the United States for the first time, when a collection was put on sale at the Gallery Shop of the Brooklyn Museum. Plans are under way for limited import by specialty stores. ♦

Sylvania artisan Luciano Calderón handles screen with guano-birds-in-flight motif



Peruvian linen hand-printed with "Rejas" design (below), which Mrs. von Hagen sketched from gratings in Trujillo, Peru (above)



THE OAS IN ACTION (continued from page 2)

THE CASE OF NICARAGUA

On June 2, Nicaraguan Ambassador Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa informed the Council Chairman that his country had been the victim of an armed invasion by individuals of various nationalities who had obtained airplanes in Costa Rica, and that three vessels with more revolutionaries were approaching Nicaraguan shores. His request for convocation of the Organ of Consultation under the Treaty was considered at three special meetings of the Council in the next two days. In this case, two delegations, the Cuban and the Venezuelan, insisted that the matter was an internal Nicaraguan one. Cuban Ambassador Raúl Roa (now Minister of Foreign Affairs but continuing to serve on the Council for the time being) maintained that Nicaragua could not be considered "invaded" since the people entering the country were Nicaraguans. A resolution adopted on the evening of June 4, against the votes of Cuba and Venezuela, convoked the Organ of Consultation, made the Council provisional Organ, and called for a committee to gather additional information. An explanation was added that "this resolution does not imply, in any way, prejudgment of the nature of the facts, or intervention in the affairs of a member state."

This time Ambassador Julio A. Lacarte of Uruguay was chosen Chairman of the Committee, and Ambassador Vicente Sánchez Gavito of Mexico, Vice Chairman. The other members named were Ambassador Dreier of the United States and Minister Lucillo Haddock-Lobo of Brazil.

After gathering preliminary information in Washington, in personal interviews and by cable, the Committee flew to Tegucigalpa, Honduras, on June 15, then on to Managua, Nicaragua, and San José, Costa Rica, obtaining direct reports in all three capitals, before leaving for Washington on June 20.

The Committee found that 110 men, all Nicaraguans except for three Costa Ricans, had flown into Nicaragua on two flights of the same plane of a private Costa Rican airline on May 31 and June 1. The Costa Rican Government, on June 16, learned that another group of some 160 armed men was at Punta Llorona, apparently ready to join the fray. It offered that if they surrendered their arms the Costa Ricans would be permitted to return to their homes and the foreigners to leave the country. When a committee of a Costa Rican Board of Notables, appointed to solve this problem, arrived on the scene, the men had left, but they subsequently began turning themselves in peacefully.

In a long report on these and related conditions, including the various bilateral arrangements among the neighboring countries dealing with the problem of exiles, the Committee pointed out that

there was a force of about seventy men hostile to Nicaragua in Honduras, which the Honduran Government was trying to capture; that the Honduran-Nicaraguan Mixed Military Commission was doing good work on the difficult border situation; that in Costa Rica, where they enjoyed freedom of speech and movement, there was a group of Nicaraguan exiles that advocated overthrow of the Nicaraguan Government; that Costa Rica and Honduras had, however, taken steps to guarantee their national neutrality; and that there is a considerable clandestine traffic in arms in the Caribbean zone.

A supplementary report was expected the week of July 13, before the Council would take final action in this case.

THE CASE OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Dominican Ambassador Virgilio Díaz Ordóñez made his appeal for action under the Treaty on July 2, based on invasions of his country by some fifty-six men who landed at Constanza by plane from Cuba on June 14 and some 140 men who landed on the north coast in two yachts from Cuba on June 20. He accused both the Cuban and Venezuelan Governments of participating in preparations for these invasions, both of which had already been liquidated. He declared his country was still threatened by contingents estimated at three thousand men now being trained in Cuba and twenty-five war planes supplied by the Government of Venezuela.

The Cuban and Venezuelan representatives called the charges completely false and maintained that it was the Dominican Government that was threatening theirs. Foreign Minister Roa called the existence of exiles the result of the lack of democracy in their homelands and said they were entitled to human rights, including the right to return to their own soil. Both delegates declared the Rio Treaty inapplicable to this situation. The Dominican Ambassador, on July 10, withdrew his request for action under the Treaty, but not his charges.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' MEETING

The resolution unanimously approved on July 13 was under the OAS Charter provision for meetings "to consider problems of an urgent nature and of common interest to the American States. . . ." An amendment offered by the Council Chairman specifically listed the aim of achieving the exercise of representative democracy, which he called perhaps the most fundamental problem of the area. This will be the fifth Meeting of Consultation. Three were held during World War II and the fourth to deal with the UN action in Korea. Although convoked several times as the Organ of Consultation for applying the Rio Treaty, the Foreign Ministers have never actually met on that basis.



A TEACHER'S FAREWELL

Bernardo Houssay, winner of the Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology in 1947, recently left his post at the National University of La Plata after half a century of teaching. The Revista de la Universidad published what the renowned Argentine scientist had to say on that occasion:

We are living in a scientific age, and since the last World War every nation has become fully aware of the infinite and fantastic possibilities for progress that derive from scientific research. For that reason the governments, industries, and universities of the most advanced and powerful countries encourage and support it. A nation's position, well-being, wealth, culture, agricultural and industrial technology, health, commerce, power, and even freedom all depend on its scientific progress. . . .

The role of science is significant in three main areas: intellectual, technical, and moral. First, science enlightens with well-documented facts; it accustoms people to exactness, to successful initiative, to correct solutions of problems; it permits us to know man and the world around him better.

Science assures us of a longer, healthier life: it frees us from heavy labor; it increases production and improves living conditions; it allows us to grow and distribute more nourishing food, to develop industries and trade, to disseminate culture, to perpetuate the species.

Scientific advances should be used only to improve man's physical, mental, and moral well-being, never to

harm, exploit, or oppress. Scientific victories should be announced far and wide as quickly as possible in order to benefit the greatest number of people. These conquests should contribute to the establishment of broadened friendly relations among men. It is vital that verbal or physical aggression, iron curtains, hostile propaganda, and war be banished forever.

The great human transformations have not been brought about by the work of politicians but by scientific discoveries and their application. The future of scientific research and of any modern nation depends on finding talents early and having them developed by outstanding teachers both at home and abroad. To this end, national research councils should be set up and aid should be extended to those already in existence. Most important, there should be research institutes, created and run by universities, governments, or individuals. . . .

Every country that engages in research is healthier, richer, better educated, and stronger—and will get ahead. The nation that neglects research . . . will not progress as it should and will be exploited by others. It will remain forever subordinate. Scientific research, in an enlightened atmosphere and on a high moral plane, is the principal hope of our young countries of Latin America and the only way we can keep going forward.

I am speaking to the young people of my country, who will be responsible for its future: Always strive for lofty goals and do not let yourselves get involved in fierce fights for small

causes. Put the lasting interests of the nation above the intolerance of political factions, above your own personal ambitions or those of small groups. Keep your ideals high and concentrate on doing big things. Since life always cuts you down to size and you will achieve only a part of what you want, you will go much farther by aiming high. The victories of the present are really childish dreams come true, though once they seemed utopian or unattainable.

LIFE GETS TEDIOUS

Augusto de Carvalho has both troubles and a whimsical approach to them, as proved in this article from the lively Brazilian monthly Mundo Melhor:

. . . It all began on a rainy day. It was pouring. I was about to go out (and I was already late, to be sure). I was going to be using a decorative



By Danilo Marchese.—Mundo Melhor, São Paulo

black beauty for the first time. An umbrella. New, modern, perfect down to the last detail. A carved wooden handle, from the United States. Black Italian silk (yes, black, because I'm conservative and still haven't taken up some of the colors you see around). The frame, of Swedish steel. The victim, Brazilian.

Victim indeed. As I left the house, I pressed a button and the umbrella opened wide, made some snapping sounds, did everything but play music. But when the bus pulled up at the stop, everything closed—the driver's face, the bus door—everything, that is, but the fiendish umbrella. And I ended up taking a cab, because I didn't have time to wait for another bus.

For all that, it would be unfair to vent my spleen only on the umbrella.

A jacket button, an object of no mean importance in our daily lives. Could it be that its function in society is not understood? What the devil! It's bad enough to have to wear a somber three-piece suit or a tuxedo for formal occasions. It's too much when in the middle of an affair—but really in the middle, when you are reaching with all the elegance you can muster for the glass of champagne your hostess is

offering—a miserable button pops off, bounds across the floor, and disappears.

A light switch is that contrivance placed (sometimes) near doors, at eye level, actually right in front of your eyes. But you see it only after you have banged your head. It serves to turn on (again, sometimes) the lights in a living room, a bedroom, a bathroom, or any other room. If something goes wrong, it can be repaired—but never by anyone like me, a walking compendium of ignorance on the subject of electricity.

I pull out the little screws (yes, "pull out" is the right expression, since "unscrewing" is definitely beyond my limited ability). The innards of the switch don't look at all complicated. Put the little wire in place? Easy! Done in an instant.

That's when the trouble begins. Your arm almost hits the ceiling. Your liver collides with the nape of your neck. Your feet dance a frantic jig. . . . And the worst thing is that the son of a North American looks at his father and says compassionately: "Take it easy, Dad!" The son of a Brazilian roars with laughter. But let's get on.

Television. If the set doesn't have a

burned-out tube, something else is sure to be wrong. And when you have sent it out to be repaired, your small son comes running with a surprise: "Daddy, Daddy! Look what I found on the floor. It's the tuning button."

Headache remedies . . . are found everywhere. In drugstores, in newspapers, in advertising leaflets, in the office-desk drawer, but not in the medicine cabinet at two o'clock in the morning.

It's the same with a cigar. There are in São Paulo tens of thousands of bars, taverns, restaurants, tobacco shops, and the like. Only the blessed store on the corner doesn't have my brand, and I always run out when I'm at home.

The fish knife and fork? There they are. . . . I have already used them to eat my salad.

A fountain pen is what I have here in my hand, and— Wait while I go find some ink.

An alarm clock. I have two. I learned. One ticks away on the bureau, right on time, neither slow nor fast. It's remarkable. What? Oh, the other one? Well, it's old, it's broken, the minute hand is missing, it doesn't ring. It stays on the night table. So what good is it? I can give it a good swat early each morning.

And a tube of toothpaste? If it's new, press near the opening and the paste is all in the bottom. If it's almost all gone, the paste comes out in all directions and slithers over your fingers. The only place it doesn't come out is at the opening, onto the brush. The brush— Hm! If it has nylon bristles, it shreds your gums. If natural, it leaves a bristle between each tooth.

Forgive me. I just had to get these things off my chest. . . .

ON THE TOWN

The inimitable style of the Cuban humorist Eladio Secades is probably as well known to Hemisphere readers as the popular Cuban magazine *Bohemia*, in which his work often appears:

In order for a young couple not to get bored after the honeymoon, there must be other young couples around. The more modern, the better. Then they get together and go out in groups that the Cuban women of today call "parties." (They use this word with

EL POZO DE LA DICHA

2	4	5	7	8	3	2	6	4	7	5	8	2
T	B	A	B	N	V	I	U	U	U	L	O	E
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T	T	A	N	N	E	E	I	A	E	A	S	N
4	2	7	5	3	2	6	4	7	3	8	2	5
N	S	A	E	A	M	M	O	M	U	C	U	F
7	5	6	2	4	8	3	5	6	2	7	4	8
E	I	O	C	S	I	N	C	R	H	R	A	A
2	4	8	3	5	7	2	8	4	5	6	2	7
O	M	A	B	I	C	D	L	I	E	P	I	A
3	6	2	7	8	4	5	6	2	7	3	8	5
A	U	N	N	E	G	N	R	E	C	I	G	C
8	5	3	4	2	6	7	3	5	8	2	7	4
R	I	L	O	R	O	I	E	A	A	O	A	S

"The Wishing Well," an idea that seems to have caught on in some Latin American papers. Count the letters in your name. If six or more, subtract four. If less than six, add three. This will give the key number for decoding. Happily, the hidden message here for AMÉRICAS is "Buenos amigos."—*El Comercio*, Lima

the air of distinguished persons who know another language. Besides knowing little enough about their own. And they play "golf." Go to the "beauty parlor." Give me a "Chester." And they think that the restaurant employee who was born in Pontevedra is really a "waiter.")

Among the young married couples who go out for fun together, there is one who has a car. To have a car without a chauffeur and with friends means to leave the others. To go and find a parking place far away. To close the windows that the guests never close. And to have to return alone and on foot. That is, as if you had no car.

The most difficult thing about the "partie" is for the women to agree. One wants to go there. For the music. Another wants to go some place else. For the elegance. A third wants to go to a dive. Because after all, nothing will happen when she is with Carlos. Carlos is tall and works for a U.S. company. Even when the sun is not shining, he wears sunglasses. He color-matches his tie and socks. And he is happy because there were a lot of people at his grandmother's funeral. He is such a good husband that he sees the same movie three times.

A dive is a false promise of adventure in a water-front tavern. You think you are going to find caps with anchors. Arms with tattoos. Striped undershirts. Sailors with a yen to douse their pipes and measure a dancing girl. But dives are just like other night clubs. The little tables have square tablecloths. . . . The rhumba dancer cannot wiggle. And to disguise this shortcoming, she vigorously shakes the hem of her skirt. That business about apaches and razors is a lie. An old woman sells flowers. A young lady—though nobody thinks she is one—sells cigarettes. And a white-clad Negro yawns in the men's room. Outside the doorman stands watch. He is the only military figure who confesses that there is no story behind his decorations. The policeman on his beat. The cab drivers. And a dog that must be lost. People who frequently go to wakes are, unwittingly, in training for night-club work.

A drink is one of the few methods known to keep everyone entertained. Among the young married couples who

go out for fun, there is one delightful moment when the only difference of opinion is that some want Seltzer water and others want ginger ale. As for the whisky, they all agree. . . .

The night club is where women go onto the dance floor and leave their purses on the tables. A lot of jealousy has been caused by this. When the man notices that his partner is craning her neck over his shoulder. . . . Yet it is



almost impossible for a woman's evening bag to hold a fortune. At most, an ad from a beauty parlor and the equipment for flirtation. Perhaps a small linen handkerchief. Which is sublime for farewells. And ridiculous for a cold. And the lipstick case. Which is where a woman keeps the kisses she has not yet given. Of everything that feminine lips can produce, the most lasting is the lipstick stain. Which we sometimes see again days later on the rim of a glass.

The first highball gives a woman a cold cramp. It tastes like medicine. The second leads to a dissertation on how nice it is to get away from the house once in a while. The third makes her frank enough to ask for a coin to tip the ladies'-room attendant. An opportunity seized upon by another who also wanted to be excused. But who was too embarrassed to say so. With the fourth highball, she reveals that in the beginning Rafael was most amusing. But that lately he has become very serious. In the beginning all husbands are very amusing, but later they become more and more serious. Rafael gives a hollow laugh. And recommends that she not drink any more. Half way through the fifth highball she swears to Rafael that she loves him as much as she did on the first day. Without

failing to note that the swarthy trumpet player is quite a man.

The night club is the happiest of all our sorrows. The customers make the night club happy. The rest is all business. The hat-check girl's bad humor. Because so many men no longer wear hats. The proletarian thighs of the chorus girls. The musicians think differently and dress alike. The remarks of the master of ceremonies. Whose art consists of being agreeable. . . . The man in tuxedo who greets you. With a courtesy made up of a starched shirt front, a bow tie, two low bows, and a part in his hair that conjures up a senior engineering student. . . .

The young married couples have a fine time in the night club. Since the way to have fun is to stop doing what you always do, they change partners. To change partners is to change perfume. You say something foolish, and it comes out like a brilliant witticism. Proximity seems like adventure. You become a sweetheart again, with your friend's wife. If the exchange is innocent, in the summer you talk about the heat. And in the winter you talk about how crowded the dance floor is. He remarks that he dances badly. She recalls how much she danced when she was single. And the two fall silent. Whirling and twirling. Wishing the piece would end. When the exchange is made with malice aforethought, her hair smells heavenly. Though she did no more than wash it. The French perfume-makers would have gone broke if someone had discovered in time that the woman who pleases is the one who has a simple aroma of cleanliness about her. The memory of an unpleasant woman's perfume lingers long after she herself has been forgotten. . . . The young couples are having a good time because they are high. Drink stimulates happiness, education, generosity, and talent. The bad thing is the next day. Sots are happy because they have found a way to drink without a next day.

A determined husband asks for the check. But the others say that cannot be. Offended, they threaten never to come again. Then they split it among them. The one who is lucky enough to have a car drops them all at their respective homes. His head is spinning. . . .



RECENT U.S. NON-FICTION

Reviewed by Hubert Herring

My favorite author-of-the-month is Ferdinand Columbus, who died in 1539. His spirited and affectionate biography of his father, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, fell into the hands of Italians who printed it in 1571, but the original Spanish version was lost. Now, under the title *The Life of the Admiral Christopher Columbus by His Son Ferdinand*, Benjamin Keen has brought out the first full text in English translation, with critical notes suggesting the points where the Italian translator had probably erred. Mr. Keen has done an excellent job in bringing to life this brilliant tribute.

Ferdinand was born to Columbus and a peasant girl in Córdoba in 1488, during the period when the Catholic Sovereigns were trying to make up their royal minds on the appointment of Columbus to his assignment overseas. The boy was early moved from his mother's care to a post as page to Queen Isabella. In 1502 Ferdinand, then only thirteen, sailed with his father on the fourth and disastrous voyage to America. Back in Spain, he settled down to study. When his father died in 1506, the son gathered all his letters and papers. Wealthy from his father's estate, and from the sinecures the Spanish court granted him in tacit apology for the shabby treatment accorded the discoverer of the New World, Ferdinand collected one of the great libraries of his time and housed it by the side of the Guadalquivir in Seville. During these years, he devoted himself to the defense of his father's reputation, aiding his half brother Diego in pressing claims for fulfillment of the pledges made to the Admiral. But it was a losing fight.

Ferdinand's chief action in favor of his father was writing this curious and fascinating biography. It is a fierce polemic against contemporary chroniclers who asserted that Columbus came of humble parentage, and the son goes to great length to uphold the father's claim to distinction. He also strikes at the historian Oviedo, who announced in 1535 that the Indies had once before

belonged to Spain, and that therefore Columbus could not be described as their discoverer. Ferdinand's book was obviously not written for immediate publication. He attacks with vigor the official denial of promised rights to the Columbus family, which alone would have made it indiscreet to publish it during his lifetime. Furthermore, he is critical of Ferdinand the Catholic's treatment of Columbus; though that king was dead, his grandson Charles I, ruling a united Spain, would certainly not have permitted a book to appear in which he was assailed. So we have it at last by way of the Italians, and then of Mr. Keen. And we can gratefully read of the discovery of America written by a man who remembered his impressions at the age of thirteen—with a full complement of savage Indians, high winds, shipwrecks, mutinies.

Jacques Maritain, interpreter of history and religion to his native France and to all of us, has spent some twenty-five years in the United States. When he writes his *Reflections on America*, he is gladly heard. It is good to find him saying that "the American people are the least materialist among the modern peoples which have attained the industrial stage." (Perhaps a citizen of the United States might suggest that José Enrique Rodó's judgments upon the northern republic, in his *Ariel*, are overdue for fresh examination.) Then Mr. Maritain goes on to suggest other characteristics of life in the United States. He speaks of the "extraordinary resilience and versatility with which the American people face new problems and adjust themselves to new situations." Again, he stresses "the concern of the American people for moral and religious values." He admires "the fundamental part played in this country by free discussion, involving that right to dissent without which there is no community of free men. . . ." But, on the other hand, Mr. Maritain puts his finger on some vulnerable points. The U.S. people, he says, "need to be loved." Not so the English; certainly not the French—"they are so sure in advance that everybody loves them

that they don't feel any particular anxiety about the matter." But the American lacks roots: he is uneasy, impatient, insecure. Moreover, adds the author, "Americans need . . . their natural environment to be themselves." This fact explains the arrogant behavior of some Americans who behave quite amiably in their home towns but who bristle and brag in Paris or London or Rome. And there is much more trenchant analysis.

The issue of segregation versus integration in the public schools of the United States continues as a dangerously divisive factor in domestic politics, damaging the influence of the United States in international affairs. What is regarded as laggard progress toward integration by critics in other nations—and especially in Asia and Africa—serves as a constant irritant. But many of those critics are unaware of the tremendous concern of United States citizens, both north and south, and the considerable progress that is being made to erase the lines of discrimination against men because of their race. It is therefore significant that so many books are appearing that reflect this concern. Arlin Turner has edited *The Negro Question*, a selection of George W. Cable's writings on civil rights in the South, in which that distinguished southerner, writing in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, had much to say about the intolerable injustices to the Negro. The book is a useful reminder of the deep moral convictions of the U.S. South. And I have already discussed in these pages *The Lonesome Road: The Story of the Negro's Part in America*, by Saunders Redding, himself a Negro.

Here are a number of books on international relations in general. At the top of the list I would put *The Ugly American*, by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. It is a novel (though theoretically I restrict myself to non-fiction in this column), but it is one of the most true and useful tracts on the failures of diplomacy that were ever printed. Laid in Southeast Asia, it deals with a lot of diplomats of various degrees, and their failures and occasional successes. This book has had immense influence in Washington. As Dean Acheson said in his sage little *Power and Diplomacy*, which I reviewed last time: "Perhaps what we do is less important than how we do it." William Lytle Schurz's *American Foreign Affairs* is an invaluable primer, Nathaniel Peffer's *The Far East* a mature and exciting analysis of what recent events in Asia mean to the people of the Americas. C. L. Sulzberger's *What's Wrong with U.S. Foreign Policy*, a rough tough book about the State Department, carries much weight, coming as it does from a man who has spent the last twenty-one years overseas writing on foreign affairs for the *New York Times*.

There are many new books in English on the various republics of Latin America. Some are excellent, some dreadful, many mediocre. However, the mere increase in the writing of such books suggests new concern in the United States. The event of greatest interest to the U.S. people in general is the recent upset in Cuba and the victory of Fidel Castro's forces over the durable Fulgencio Batista. At this writing, only one book on the subject has appeared. Jules Dubois, the enterprising Latin American correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, rushed his manu-

script *Fidel Castro* to press while the shooting was still going on in Havana. "Rebel, Liberator, or Dictator?" is the question he poses. With all apologies to the energetic Mr. Dubois, may I add that his book tells little?

We have two new books on Brazil, one by the eminent Brazilian sociologist-historian Gilberto Freyre, the other by a U.S. university professor, Richard M. Morse. Mr. Freyre has long since won the firm admiration of all students of Latin America, and is recognized as the most trenchant analyst of his country. His magnificent study of the interplay of social and racial groups, translated into English under the title *The Masters and The Slaves*, stands as one of the authentic classics. In his current book, *New World in the Tropics*, he has repeated a good deal from his previous writing but has given freshness to his recital of the forces—European, ethnic, social, religious—that determined the shapes of modern Brazil. His chapter on the modern literature of his country is terse and helpful, as is the one on Brazilian architecture.

Mr. Morse's *From Community to Metropolis* is "a biography of São Paulo, Brazil." I know of no other book on any city in Latin America that attempts to gather together the life story of a great city. It is all here, from the arrival of Martim Afonso de Sousa and the founding of the first settlement at São Vicente in 1532, the arrival of the first Jesuits, and the establishment of the city of São Paulo in 1554. It is the story of the stormy frontier during colonial days, and of the bloody role of the *paulistas* in pursuit of slaves and profit. It is the story of independence, and of economic growth as coffee and cotton brought new profits. Then industry attracted great numbers of immigrants from Spain, Portugal, Argentina, Germany, all Europe. São Paulo became the fastest-growing city in the world, perhaps, and it has more than three millions now, and will have five millions by 1965—again perhaps. Meanwhile the buildings grow bigger, and the streets are more crowded, and the supply of electric energy is inadequate, and there is not enough water. But I cannot review Richard Morse's book in these few sentences—read it for yourself. It is finely organized and well written, altogether one of the best books about any phase of Latin America for a long time.

One of the sorest spots in the relations between the United States and the other American republics is the behavior of the great U.S. corporations that operate in Mexico and Central and South America. There are oil, mining, trading companies of all sorts, whose operations stir up dreadful commotion: sometimes they are unwise, sometimes not, but the very fact that they are foreign is often enough to damn them. These facts make a current book most useful: *The United Fruit Company in Latin America*, by Stacy May and Galo Plaza. This is one of a series of studies on U.S. business abroad put out by the National Planning Association, a non-profit concern that is eminently competent and objective. Stacy May is a well-known economist, and Galo Plaza is the distinguished ex-President of Ecuador. This book, which is a brilliant and candid analysis, is also so well written as to make it of prime interest to the people of the six nations (Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras, and

Panama) that produce 60 per cent of the world's bananas and 90 per cent of those imported by the United States. The authors do not hide "the fact that Latin American esteem for the United Fruit Company and its works is far from universal." They astutely note that "the further one moves from those who have firsthand dealings with United Fruit, the lower is its repute." They faithfully report on the widespread denunciation of the company in the Latin American press. They admit that the men who conduct the business have often made grievous mistakes, but they proceed to give the following conclusions—all generously documented. United Fruit, they say, has served the interests of the countries involved; its contribution "to the economies of the six countries is enormously advantageous when regarded from the viewpoint of their national interest." United Fruit, they continue, has made but modest profits as compared with other great U.S. corporations. United Fruit's social services—education, health, housing, and so forth—have been well ahead of any demands made upon it by the laws of the several countries. In the field of labor relations, United Fruit is judged to possess a good record. The book will undoubtedly excite stormy criticism. My only advice to all who doubt the validity of its argument is, just read it.

Here are four books which will profit all who are interested in Latin America, and in the relations of Latin America with the United States. Clarence Senior's *Land Reform and Democracy* is the product of long study of Mexico's distribution of land in the Laguna area to some thirty thousand farm families; his analysis of the economic and social aspects of that important measure offers light to all who are concerned for agrarian reform. His book should be read with care by Fidel Castro of Cuba as that leader undertakes to remake the land pattern of the island. *Search for a Latin American Policy*, by Thomas W. Palmer, Jr., is directed chiefly at Washington. It is a fervent plea that the United States take heed of the critical need for a continuing and intelligent policy towards its neighbors to the south, and gives excellent analyses of recent happenings in Guatemala, Bolivia, Argentina, and Brazil. John J. Johnson's *Political Change in Latin America* is the ablest account of the development of the middle class—"the middle sectors" is his phrase—in Latin America. He directs his attention to Argentina,

Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Uruguay. And, then, to turn back a few centuries, we have Sally Falk Moore's *Power and Property in Inca Peru*, a fresh interpretation of land tenure, tax structure, and legal system under the Incas.

I leave to the last the best-looking book of the season, Alfonso Caso's *The Aztecs, People of the Sun*. It is the work of Mexico's leading archaeologist and anthropologist, who did such brilliant work in exploring and reconstructing Monte Albán. The illustrations are the work of the late Miguel Covarrubias, a versatile interpreter of his native land for many years. The translation of the text by Lowell Dunham is excellent.

THE LIFE OF THE ADMIRAL CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS BY HIS SON FERDINAND, translated and annotated by Benjamin Keen. New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rutgers University Press, 1959. 316 p. \$7.50

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA, by Jacques Maritain. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958. 205 p. \$3.50

THE NEGRO QUESTION: A SELECTION OF WRITINGS ON CIVIL RIGHTS IN THE SOUTH, by George W. Cable, edited by Arlin Turner. New York, Doubleday and Company, 1958. 256 p. \$3.95

THE UGLY AMERICAN, by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. New York, W. W. Norton and Company, 1958. 285 p. \$5.00

AMERICAN FOREIGN AFFAIRS, by William Lytle Schurz. New York, E. P. Dutton and Co., 1959. 265 p. \$4.50

THE FAR EAST, by Nathaniel Peffer. Ann Arbor, The University of Michigan Press, 1959. 439 p. \$7.50

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.S. FOREIGN POLICY, by C. L. Sulzberger. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1959. 255 p. \$4.50

FIDEL CASTRO, by Jules Dubois. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1959. 389 p. \$5.00

NEW WORLD IN THE TROPICS: THE CULTURE OF MODERN BRAZIL, by Gilberto Freyre. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1959. 285 p. \$5.00

FROM COMMUNITY TO METROPOLIS: A BIOGRAPHY OF SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL, by Richard M. Morse. Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1958. 341 p. \$7.50

THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY IN LATIN AMERICA, by Stacy May and Galo Plaza. New York, National Planning Association, 1958. 263 p. \$4.50

LAND REFORM AND DEMOCRACY, by Clarence Senior. Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1958. 268 p. \$6.75

SEARCH FOR A LATIN AMERICAN POLICY, by Thomas W. Palmer, Jr. Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1957. 217 p. \$4.50

POLITICAL CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA, by John J. Johnson. Stanford, California, Stanford University Press, 1958. 272 p. \$5.00

POWER AND PROPERTY IN INCA PERU, by Sally Falk Moore. New York, Columbia University Press, 1958. 190 p. \$5.00

THE AZTECS, PEOPLE OF THE SUN, by Alfonso Caso, translated by Lowell Dunham. Illustrated by Miguel Covarrubias. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1958. 125 p. \$7.95

HUBERT HERRING is AMÉRICA'S regular U.S. book correspondent.





NEIGHBORLY ADVICE

LOOK SOUTHWARD, UNCLE, by Edward Tomlinson. New York, The Devin-Adair Company, 1959. 369 p. \$6.00

Reviewed by C. G. Fenwick

The title of this "new look at the other 175,000,000 Americans" is taken from Cordell Hull's own words during a last visit of the author to the beloved statesman. The advice of the former Secretary of State was directed to the officials of the Department of State who seemed to be giving their southern neighbors less attention than had been given to them under an earlier regime. Curiously enough, as chapter follows chapter, it almost seems, to one who was closely associated with Mr. Hull, as if the story were that of Mr. Hull's own experience in dealing with Latin American relations, "as told to Mr. Tomlinson." But it should be said immediately that Mr. Tomlinson's comments are his own original observations running over some thirty or more years, and that the comparison with Mr. Hull is only made to bring out the good sense, the shrewdness, the sympathetic approach of the author, combined with his ability to see things in their proper setting and to judge the motives of others in the light of fundamental human values, virtues and weaknesses alike—just as Mr. Hull had a way of doing.

The author's effort, therefore, is directed toward making better known the "great potentialities" of the Latin American states, and at the same time indicating the principal handicaps in respect to the development of their resources and some of the steps that might be taken by the Latin Americans and by the United States to surmount those obstacles. The chief stress is upon the economic problems; but as a background to economics one must know something of the people and their environment, their social traditions and habits, problems of public health, standards of living, forms of government, the causes of political instability, and the subversive activities of Communists. With this background the economic problems can be confronted: regulation of the prices of raw materials, control of currency, protection of foreign capital investments, and the development of industrialism.

An opening chapter, "The Many Americas," tells us that Latin Americans are not all alike; "Fabulous Lands" describes some of their wealth and the transition from oxcarts to Stratoliners; "The Renaissance of Culture" gives a picture of the widening scope of education and the revolution in the arts; "Nations in Social Ferment" and "The Age of St. Vitus" deal with the new nationalism and the unstable political conditions. Then come chapters on the difficulties confronting inter-American investments and trade; the need of Latin America for the United States and its need for Latin America; the practical obstacles to mutually helpful relations; and a description of the inter-American regional security system under the title, "Peaceful Coexistence, American Style." A closing chapter contains "Some Travel Tips," if you go to Latin America.

This is not a volume of statistics nor a technical study of interest only to scholars. It is a running commentary on one aspect after another of our inter-American relations, told so pleasantly that the average reader will ask for more. Now that this first introduction has given the reader an alluring prospective, the "more" is readily available; and it might be added that Uncle Sam and the OAS are both doing a great deal to provide it.

C. G. FENWICK is Director of the PAU Department of Legal Affairs.

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. To be drunk; Argentina. | 13. You are making a mountain out of a molehill. |
| 2. Confess. | 14. That no liquor is being served. |
| 3. Playing hard to get. | 15. Paying close attention. |
| 4. Paying his own way. | 16. To string someone along. |
| 5. That he feels out of place. | 17. Disappointed. |
| 6. To the Jesuits. | 18. That's the point; Cantinflas. |
| 7. Making love. | 19. Whatever he wins he may lose. |
| 8. A long distance away. | 20. To die. |
| 9. Playing hooky. | 21. The opening of the Western ranges. |
| 10. Approval. | |
| 11. Poleolar. | |
| 12. A guilty party. | |

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR'S SAYINGS?

Answers on page 41

Colloquialisms are the "local color" of a language. Like customs, they vary from country to country, from region to region within national borders. See what you can make of the following expressions:

1. Does "*estar entre San Juan y Mendoza* [to be between San Juan and Mendoza]" mean to be drunk, to be lost, or to be stupid? Also, what country is it from?
2. When a Uruguayan says "*Lo hice largar el hueso* [I made him loosen the bone]," does he mean that he made someone exercise, confess, or donate money?
3. Are Salvadorians who "*se hacen la Greta* [act like Greta]" stage-struck, playing hard to get, or movie fans?
4. When a Panamanian "*va a la alemana* [goes German]," what is he doing?
5. What does a Venezuelan mean when he says he feels "*como cucaracha en baile de gallinas* [like a cockroach at a hens' dance]"?
6. Paraguayans often use the Guaraní expression "*Paí-ma jhe-i* [The priest has spoken]" either to prevent or to end an argument. Does it refer to Tomás de Torquemada, who led the Spanish Inquisition; to the Pope; or to the Jesuits, who were the ruling force in seventeenth-century Paraguay?
7. When sweethearts in the Dominican Republic "*comen gallina* [eat hen]," are they dining out, making love, or quarreling?
8. If you hear a Cuban say "*Yo he parqueado mi automóvil donde el diablo dió las tres voces* [I have parked my automobile where the devil gave three shouts]," does he mean that his car is in a tight space, a long distance away, or in front of a church?
9. School children around La Paz, Bolivia, use the verb *chacharse* to describe a certain extracurricular activity, while those around Cochabamba say *rochearse*. Are they talking about doing homework, dancing, or playing hooky?
10. If you do something and a Brazilian says "*Tudo azul* [All blue]," is he expressing approval or disapproval?
11. In Chile, which of these verbs means to court or to make love, usually to excess—*pololear*, *coquetear*, or *fraternizar*?
12. If one Guatemalan tells another "*Lo agarramos con la gallina bajo el brazo* [We caught him with the hen under his arm]," is he talking about the animal-rescue league, a guilty party, or an eminently successful person?
13. When a Nicaraguan says "*Usted hace de una aguja un machete* [You are making a machete from a needle]," what does he mean?
14. If a Peruvian host tells a guest "*No hay cariño en esta casa* [There is no affection in this house]," is he saying that his wife has left him, that no liquor is being served, or that the furnace is not working?
15. When a Colombian "*pone bolas* [places balls]," is he bowling, paying close attention, or flying a kite?
16. In Costa Rica, does "*dar atolillo con el dedo* [to give pudding with the finger]" mean to speed up a business matter, to string someone along, or to be generous?
17. If Ecuadorians "*se quedan con las narices largas* [are left with their noses long]," are they meddlesome, snobbish, or disappointed?
18. "*Ahí está el detalle* [There is the detail]" is a phrase popularized in Mexico by a renowned comedian who repeatedly fits it into his rapid-fire dialogues whether apt or not. What is the equivalent expression in English and who is the comedian?
19. When one Haitian tells another in Creole French "*Z'épaulettes pas zo salière* [Epaulettes are not part of the shoulder]," is he warning him that whatever he wins he may lose, that pleasure is momentary, or that things are often not what they seem?
20. Nacos brand shoes, manufactured in La Ceiba, Honduras, have found their way into the expression "*parar los nacos* [to stop the Nacos]." Does it mean to block passage, to die, or to sit down and rest?
21. Does the U.S. expression "to have too many irons in the fire" date from the importation of Chinese laborers to work on the railroads, the opening of the Western ranges, or the establishment of the first steel mills in Pittsburgh?



Letters

COLUMBUS STEPPED HERE

Dear Sirs:

I was somewhat surprised at a statement in "Know Your Neighbors' Rivers?" in the June number. This was that the Chiriquí River in Panama was famous because Columbus found gold near its mouth.

I have always been taught that Columbus never set foot on the mainland of either North or South America. . . . He set sail, of course, for the East Indies, and I have understood that to his death he was satisfied that he had found them.

My instructors told me that John Cabot was the first European to set foot on the mainland (1497) after Columbus' voyage. . . . You will remember the description of Columbus as the man who, when he sailed, did not know where he was going, and, when he arrived, did not know where he was, and, when he reached home, did not know where he had been.

Lynn I. Pruitt
Indianapolis, Indiana

It is true that John Cabot was the first European to set foot on the American mainland (in 1497), but Columbus followed him a few years later. In 1502, on his fourth and last voyage, Columbus landed on Central American soil, and it was at that time that he went to Panama. Even then, he did not realize where he was and thought he was on the coast of Asia.

LION-HEARTED

Dear Sirs:

Here is an inspiring and heartwarming instance of international teamwork: the Lions Clubs of District 22, comprising chapters in Washington, D.C., Maryland, and Virginia, have contributed over twenty thousand dollars for a school program in Colombia—a program developed and supervised by the Lions Clubs of Colombia, in cooperation with CARE. In a country where 40 per cent of the people are illiterate and where only half the children of school age are able to attend school, this is a valuable contribution.

Among the projects covered by the donation is a vocational school being built by the Lions Clubs of Girardot to shelter and educate one hundred and fifty homeless boys (Amparo del Niño, Bogotá). Other vocational schools are being established in Bogotá, sponsored by the national and local departments of education and the Colombian Lions, to train boys and girls to be useful citizens and to relieve the shortage of skilled labor in the capital. In the rural district of Tabio, the students were so eager for an education that they and their parents con-

structed a school building with their own hands, which the Lions have supplied with \$187 worth of equipment.

The ICA Cooperative Educational Service is giving help to eleven normal schools, eight agricultural schools, six industrial schools, and seventeen hundred rural schools in the Department of Valle, under a pilot project requested by the Lions Club of this district.

Kate Alfriend
Washington, D.C.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Dear Sirs:

I assume that you probably have already received several protests for attributing to the Incas something that belongs to Mexico. I refer to the illustration on page 6 of your May issue. The caption reads: "Inca hieroglyphics. Humboldt thought Indian culture indicated Asiatic origin." The Incas never had a system of writing, and their quipus served only for arithmetical purposes. The only Indians that had one were those of central and southern Mexico and part of Central America. The illustration clearly shows that it is part of the famous Borgia Codex (Xicalanca Codex of the Aztecs) that is now in the Vatican.

George C. Engerrand
Professor of Anthropology
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Professor Engerrand is right. We took the illustration from Alexander von Humboldt und Seine Zeit, the German edition of *Helmut de Terra's* Humboldt: The Life and Times of Alexander von Humboldt. The German caption read: Hieroglyphische Zeichnung aus einer alten Inka-Handschrift, and our caption writer followed that interpretation of the picture-writing as Inca. We have now found the picture as Plate XVII of *Vues des Cordillères et les Monuments des Peuples Indigènes de l'Amérique*, in the first (folio) edition of *Voyage de Humboldt et Bonpland*, clearly identified as from the Borgia manuscript.

The painting is also reproduced in black-and-white in *Eduard Seler's* German edition of the *Codex Borgia* and in color in the facsimile limited edition published by Julius Witsotzki, Chicago. The figures themselves loudly proclaim their Aztec origin. Our apologies to the ancient Mexicans.

WORKCAMPS IN PARAGUAY

Dear Sirs:

In view of the new spread of workcamps in Latin America, we want to bring to your attention the program in Paraguay sponsored by the Woodcrest Service Committee. [A "workcamp" is made up of a group of young people engaged in physical labor in a community that needs help. At the same time that they serve others, they themselves learn to live and work together harmoniously.—Ed.] Three workcamps will be held in the next three months to help expand the facilities of the hospital operated by the Bruderhof (Society of Brothers) community in Primavera, Paraguay, which offers medical services to thousands of needy rural Paraguayans. The first International Work-

camp ever held in Paraguay was conducted in Primavera last summer, and the response was so good that the World Council of Churches is joining in the sponsorship of the next camp. Also at Primavera, a Latin American training project in workcamp methods and philosophy will be held by UNESCO next November-December.

The Woodcrest Service Committee works with the eleven Bruderhof communities in England, Germany, Uruguay, Paraguay, and the United States in hospital, workcamp, and other projects. All eleven are interested in giving young people an opportunity for service in their centers for one month, a summer, or longer periods. We also send our own young people to workcamps and institutes sponsored by other agencies in various countries. Young people from Primavera participated in workcamps in Brazil and Bolivia last winter. Two or three youngsters from other agencies in the United States will help in Primavera this summer. Much more and wider interchange is hoped for in future years.

Eberhard C. H. Arnold
Woodcrest Service Committee
Farmington, Pennsylvania

SCULPTOR'S TOOL

Dear Sirs:

I am a Brazilian artist and have been asked to do a sculpture commemorating the immigration of U.S. Southerners to Brazil after the Civil War. For this reason, I am very much interested in seeing the article "Dixieland, Brazil," by Benedicta Quirino dos Santos, in the December 1951 *AMÉRICAS*, . . .

Irene Hamar
New York, New York

BOUQUETS

Dear Sirs:

Would you kindly offer my congratulations on a job well done to the translator of the Borges story "Waiting" in the June issue. It serves as a fine companion piece to the Borges article in the March issue, and both are now very helpful to the reader of Volume Four in our series of Spanish books, *Cuentos de Jorge Luis Borges*, in which "La Espera" is included.

Paul M. Cooke
Monticello College
Alton, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

I must congratulate you on the reproduction of the Claudius cartoon ["Fidel's Bearded Ones in Rio"] on page 35 of your June issue. . . . I think that his wit, his humor, and his craftsmanship are superb and in my opinion unsurpassed by any artist current. I should very much like to see more of his work in the magazine. . . .

Herman A. Benjamin
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

I would like to thank you for *AMÉRICAS*. I am sure many more conscientious Americans of vision would like to participate in this opportunity to expand their knowledge of the Organization of American States, for it is only through the medium of understanding that we can all resolve our diffi-

culties and develop better relationships based on friendliness and integrity. . . .

Eugene A. Raymond
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs:

The article "Before You Take It to Court," by Natalie Force, in the May issue should be of tremendous interest throughout the Americas since it presents the concept of arbitration in such a pleasant, readable form. I would like to suggest that reprints be made for sale in bulk quantities to business enterprises.

Philip C. Fernandez
Orleans, Massachusetts

BULLETIN BOARD

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Enrique Rojas Vela for his wonderful piece about Alex Olmedo ["The 'Chief' of Tennis," April 1959]. . . . I want to form a Pan American Society in New Jersey, but I need assistance. Will any interested readers in New Jersey please get in touch with me?

Joan Mary Boogdanian
1703 Hudson Boulevard
Apt. 1E
North Bergen, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the splendid February travel issue. I was particularly impressed by the article on Mount McKinley National Park, "The Home of the Sun," by Bill Prochnau. . . . I believe that AMÉRICAS is becoming the favorite publication of all Americans who dream of a network of friendship among the peoples of our Hemisphere. . . . I am collecting maps and would like to exchange them with people in other American countries.

Jaime Pantoja T.
Alonso Ovalle 872
Santiago, Chile

Dear Sirs:

I would like to get in touch with AMÉRICAS readers in this Hemisphere who would like to exchange regional articles, such as ceramics, dance masks, dresses, photographs, records, newspapers, magazines, and so on. As a student of American folklore, I expect that this exchange will contribute to a better and deeper understanding of the different aspects of our various cultures. . . .

Dr. Walmyr Maranhão
Avenida Dantas Barreto, 324
Edifício Pernambuco
Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil

Dear Sirs:

I have long been a reader of AMÉRICAS and have always enjoyed all the articles. However, I would like to know more about U.S. life in general. Would other readers send me information along this line?

Roberto Muñoz Labrador
Balmaceda 128
Los Andes, Chile

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in finding a correspondent in the United States, preferably a student of engineering. . . .

Erika Meduna
Rua Olavo Bilac 148
Itajubá, Sul de Minas
Brazil

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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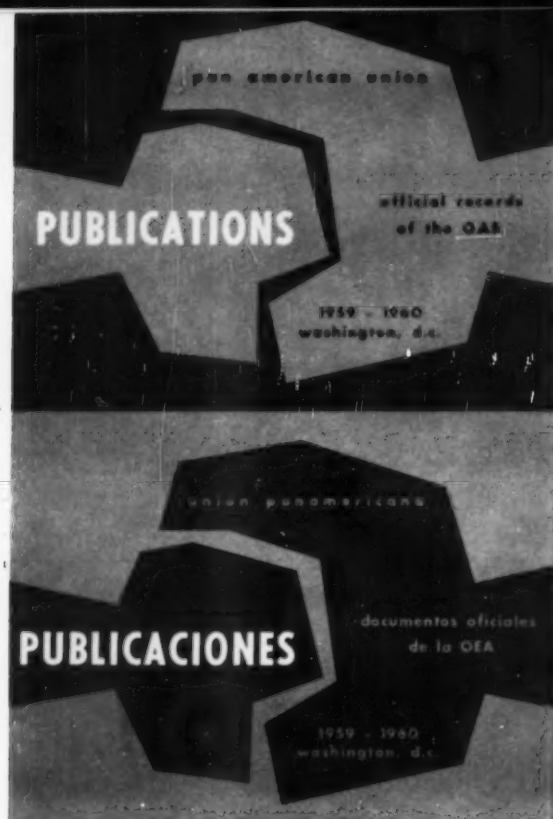
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